



Pictor autumbravit Vultum quem cernimus. æst hic  
 Non valet egregias fingere mentis Opes.  
 Has si scire cupis, sua censeat Carmina. in illis  
 Dotes percipies pectoris æcimias.

What heere wee see is but a Graven face.  
 Onely the shaddow of that brittle case  
 Wherin were treasur'd up those Gems, which he  
 Hath left behind him to Posteritie. Al. P. 52.



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 Hath left behind him to Posteritie. *Al. Page.*

*sculp.*



I will sing of Iudgment  
and Mercy  
Psalm 124.



Iudgment and Mercy  
For afflicted Soules  
by Fra: Quarles  
1646.



JUDGEMENT & MERCY  
FOR  
AFFLICTED SOULES.

OR

{ *Meditations.*  
*Soliloquies,*  
And  
*Prayers.*

BY

FRA. QUARLES.

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LONDON,  
Printed by Ric. Cotes, for Richard Royston,  
at the Angell in Ivy-Lane, 1646.

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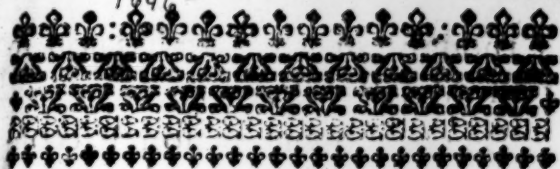
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TO MY  
MOST GRATIOUS  
SOVERAIGNE  
KING CHARLES.

SIR,



Belceve you to be  
such a Patron of  
*Vertue*, that if this  
Treatise had the  
least probabilitie  
of cherishing *Vice*,  
my countenance durst not admit

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## The Epistle

a thought of this dedication to  
your Majestie.

But my owne reason (secon-  
ded by better approbations )  
assures mee, these *Disquisitiones*  
and *Prayers* are like to beget  
*grace* in those where it was  
not, and confirme it where it  
was.

And being so usefull, I dare  
not doubt your patronage of this  
*Child*, which survives a *Father*  
whose utmost abilities were (till  
death darkned that great light in  
his soule ) sacrificed to your ser-  
vice.

But, if I could question your  
willing protection of it, I might  
strengthen my petition for it,  
by

## Dedictory.

by an unquestionable commendation of the Authors published meditations, in most of which (even those of Poetry begun in his youth) there are such tinctures of *Pietie*, and Pictures of *devout passions*, as gain'd him much love, and many Noble friends.

One of that number (which is not to be numbered) was the Religious, Learned, Peaceable, humble *Bishop of Armagh*; whom I beseech God to bless, and make your Majestie and him, in these bad, sad times, instruments of good to this distracted, distemper'd Church and State.

This


*The Epistle, &c.*

This is my unfained prayer :  
and I doubt not but all that wish  
well to *Sion* will seale it with  
their *Amen*.

*Your Majesties poore  
and most faithfull  
Subject,*

RICHARD ROYSTON.





## The Preface.

Reader,

**I**s thought fit to say this little, and but this little, of the Author and his booke.

He was (for I speak to those that are strangers to his extraction and breeding) a branch of a deserving family, and the sonne of a worthy father: his education was in the Vniversities, and Innes of Court, but his inclination was rather to Divine studies then the Law.

This appeares in most of his publisht books, (which are many) but I thinke in none more then this, which was finisht with his life.

Wherein the Reader may behold (according

## The Preface.

According to the arguments undertaken by the Author) what passions, and in what degrees those passions have possessed his soule, and whether grace have yet allayed, or expelled them, (those that are inconsistent with vertue) from the strong hold of his affections.

Such this Treatise is, and being such, I commend it to the Reader, and this wish with it, that those many (too many) writers who mistake malice for zeale, and (being transported) speake evill of government, and meddle with things they understand not, Iude 8, 10. forgetting there is such finnes as ledition and heresie, (finnes which Saint Paul, Gal. 5. 20. 21. parallels with murder and witchcraft) would change their disputes into devout meditations, such as these be; in which,

the

## The Preface.

*the pious man shall see vertue adorned  
with beautifull language, and vice so  
presented, as 'tis not like to infect the  
minde, nor corrupt the conscience.*

*The method, the arguments, the stile,  
all speake Mr. Quarles the Author of the  
booke, and the booke speakes his commen-  
dations so much, that I need not commend  
it; but I doe thee to God.*

**Farewell.**

---

**The**

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# The sensuall mans Solace.

**C**ome, let's bee merry, and rejoyce our  
 soules, in frolique and in fresh *delights*:  
 Let's skruie our painperd hearts a pitch  
 beyond the reach of dull-browd sor-  
 row: Let's passe the slowpac'd time in melan-  
 choly charming *mirth*, and take the advantage of  
 our *youthfull* dayes: Let's banish care to the *dead*  
*Sea* of Phlegmatick old age: Let a deepe sigh be  
 high *Treason*, and let a solemne look be adjudg'd  
 a *Crime* too great for Pardon. My serious stu-  
 dies shall be to draw *mirth* into a Body, to ana-  
 lyse *laughter*, and to paraphrase upon the vari-  
 ous Texts of all *delights*. My *recreations* shall be to  
 still pleasure into a Quintessence, to reduce Beauti-  
 eto her first principles, and to extract a per-  
 fect innocence from the milke-white Doves of  
*Venus*. Why should I spend my pretious mi-  
 nutes in the sullen and dejected *shades* of sadnesse?  
 or ravell out my short liv'd dayes in solemne and  
 heart-breaking *Care*? Howers have Eagles wings,  
 and when their hasty flight shall put a *Period*  
 to our numbred dayes, the world is gone with  
 us, and all our forgotten joyes are left to bee  
 enjoyed by the succeeding *Generations*, and wee  
 are snatcht wee know not how, wee know not  
 whither; and wrapt in the darke *bosom* of eter-  
 nall night. Come then my soule; be wise, make  
 use of that which gone, is past recalling, and lost,

is past redemption: Eat thy Bread with a *merry* heart, and gulp downe care in *frolique* cups of liberall Wine. Beguile the tedious nights with *dalliance*, and steepe thy stupid senses in unctious, in delightfull *sports*. Tis all the portion that this transitory world can give thee: Let Musick, Voices, Masques and midnight Revells, and all that melancholy wisdom censures *vaine*, bee thy delights. And let thy care-abjuring soule cheare up and sweeten the short dayes of thy consuming *youth*. Follow the wayes of thy own *heart*, and take the freedome of thy sweet *desires*: Leave not delight untryed, and spare no cost to heighten up thy *Lusts*. Take pleasure in the *choyce* of pleasures, and please thy curious eyes with all *varieties*, to satishie thy soule in all things which thy heart desires. I, but my soule, when those *evill* dayes shall come wherein thy wasting pleasures shall present their *Items* to thy bedrid view, when all diseases and the *evils* of age shall muster up their Forces in thy crazy bones, where be thy *comforts* then?

**C**ONsider O my soule, and know that day will come, and after that, another, wherein for all these things

God will bring thee to judgement, Eccles.

II. 9.



Prov. 14. 13.

*Even in laughter the heart is sorrowfull, and the end of that mirth is heavinesse.*

Ecclef. 2. 2.

*I said in my heart, Goe to now, I will prove thee with mirth, and therefore enjoy pleasure, and behold this also is vanitie : I said of laughter, It is madde; and of mirth, What doth it?*

St. James.

*Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth; and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in the day of slaughter.*

Ecclef. 7. 4.

*The heart of the wise man is in the house of mourning : but the heart of fooles is in the house of mirth.*

*Id. in Synonymis.*

*Pleasure is an Inclination to the unlawfull objects of a corrupted mind, allured with a momentary sweetness.*

Hugo.

*Sensuality is an immoderate indulgence of the flesh, a sweet payson, a strong plague, a dangerous Potion which effeminates the body, and enervates the soule.*

Cass. Lib. 4. Ep.

*They are most sensible of the burthen of affliction that are most taken with the pleasures of the flesh.*

**W**Hat hast thou now to say O my soule, why this judgement, seconded with divine proofes, backt with the harmony of holy men, should not proceed against thee? Dally no longer with thy owne Salvation, nor flatter thy owne Corruption: Remember, the wages of sinne are sinne, and the wages of sinne, death: God hath threatned it, whose judgements are terrible? God hath witnessed it, whose words are True. Consider then my soule, and let not momentary pleasures flatter thee into eternitie of torments: How many, that have trod thy steps, are now roaring in the flames of Hell! and yet thou triflest away the time of thy Repentance. O my poore deluded soule, presume no longer; Repent to day, lest to morrow come too late: Or couldst thou ravell out thy dayes beyond Methusalem, tell me, alas, what will Eternitie bee the shorter for the deduction of a thousand yeers? Be wisely provident therefore O my soule, and bid vanitie the common sorceresse of the world, farewell; life and death are yet before thee: Chuse life, and the God of life will scale thy eboyes. Prostrate thy selfe before him who delights not in the death of a sinner, and present thy Petitions to him who can deny thee nothing in the name of a Saviour.

## His Prayer.

O God, in the beautie of whose holinesse is the true joy of those that love thee, the full happiness of those that feare thee, and the onely rest of those that prize thee; In respect of which the transitory pleasures of the world are lesse then nothing, in comparison of which the greatest wisdom of the world is folly, and the glory of the earth but drosse, and dung; How dare my boldnesse thus presume to presse into thy glorious presence? What can my prayers expect but thy just wrath and heavy indignation? O what returne can the tainted breath of my polluted lipps deserve, but to bee bound hand and foot, and cast into the flames of Hell? But Lord, the merits of my Saviour are greater then the offences of a sinner, and the sweetnesse of thy mercy exceeds the sharpnesse of my misery: The horror of thy judgments have seized upon mee, and I languish through the sense of thy displeasure; I have forsaken thee the rest of my distressed soule, and set my affections upon the vanitie of the deceitfull world. I have taken pleasure in my foolishnesse, and have vaunted my selfe in mine iniquitie, I have lattered my soule with the hony of delights, whereby I am made sensible of the sting of

my affliction; wherefore I loath, and utterly abhorre my selfe, and from the bottome of my heart repent in dust and ashes. Behold O Lord, I am impure and vile, and have wallowed in the puddle of mine owne Corruptions; The Sword of thy displeasure is drawne out against mee, and what shall I plead O thou preserver of mankind? Make mee a new Creature O my God, and destroy the old man within mee. Remove my affections from the love of transitory things, that I may runne the way of thy Commandements. Turne away mine eyes from beholding vanitie, and make thy Testimonies my whole delight. Give me strength to discerne the emptinesse of the creature, and inebriate my heart with the fulnesse of thy joyes. Bee thou my portion O God, at whose right hand stand pleasures for evermore. Bee thou my refuge and my shield, and suffer me not to sinke under the corruptions of my heart; let not the house of mirth beguile mee, but give mee a sense of the evill to come. Accept the free-will offerings of my mouth, and grant my petitions for the honour of thy Name, then will I magnifie thy mercies O God, and praise thy Name for ever and ever.

*S. Bernard*

*Delicate and tender members become  
not a heat stuck w<sup>th</sup> thorns.*

*Anonim*

*The pleasure of sin vanishes, & guilt  
remains, and y<sup>e</sup> punishment is eternal. Th*

## The vain-glorious mans Vaunt.

**V**Hat tell'st thou me of *Conscience*, or a *pious* life? They are good trades for a *haden* spirit that can stand bent at every frowne, and want the braines to make a higher Fortune, or cou age to atchieve that *honour* which might glorifie their names, and write their memories in the *Chronicles* of Fame. Tis true, *Humilitie* is a needfull gift in those that have no *Qualitie* to exercise their pride; and *patience* is a necessary Grace to keepe the world in peace, and him that hath it, in a whole skinne, and often proves a vertue borne of meere *necessitie*. And civill *Honesty* is a faire pretense for him that hath not wit to act the *Knave*, and makes a man capable of a little higher stile then *Foole*. And blushing *modesty* is a pretty innocent qualitie, and serves to vindicate an easie nature from the imputation of an *ill-breeding*. These are inferiour *Graces*, that have got a good opinion in the dull *wisdome* of the world, and appeare like water among the Elements to moderate the body *Polisique*, and keepe it from combustion, nor doe they come into the *worke* of honour. Virtue consists in *Action*, and the reward of action is *Glory*. *Glory* is the great soule of the little world, and is the *Crowne* of all sublime attempts, and the point whereto the *crooked wayes* of policy are all concentrick. *Honour* consults not with a pious life.

Let those that are ambitious of a religious reputation abjure all honorable Titles, and let their dough-bak'd spirits take a pride in sufferance, (the Anvile of all injuries) and bee thankfully baffled into a quiet pilgrimage. Rapes, murders, treasons, dispossessions, riots, are veniall things to men of honour, and oft co-incident in high pursuits. Had my dull Conscience stood upon such nice points, that little honour I have wonne had glorified some other arme, and left mee begging *Morsells* at his Princely gates. Come, come, my soule, *Id factum iuvat quod fieri non licet*. Feare not to doe, what crownes thee being done. Ride on with thy Honour, and create a name to live with faire Eternitie. Enjoy thy purchas'd Glory as the merit of thy renowned Actions, and let thy memory entaile it to succeeding Generations. Make thy owne game, and if thy conscience check thee, correct thy saucy Conscience, till shee stand as mute as metamorphos'd *Niobe*. Feare not the frownes of Princes or the imperious hand of various Fortune. Thou art too bright for the one to obscure, and too great for the other to cry downe.

**B**Ut harke my soule, I heare a voyce that thunders in mine eare

*I will change their glory into shame. Hos. 4.7*

Pfal. 49. 20.

Man that is borne in honour and understandeth not,  
is like the beasts that perish.

Prov. 25. 27.

It is not good to eat too much Honey, so for men to  
search their owne glory is not glory.

Jer. 9. 23.

Thus saith the Lord: Let not the wise man glory in his  
wisdome, neither let the mightie man glory in his  
might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches:  
But let him that glorieth glory in this, that hee un-  
derstandeth and knoweth mee that I am the Lord.

Gal. 5. 26.

Let us not bee desirous of vain-glory, &c.

---

St. August.

The vaine glory of the world is a deceitfull sweetnesse,  
an unfruitfull labour, a perpetuall feare, a dange-  
rous bravery, begun without providence, and finish-  
ed not without repentance.

St. Greg.

He that makes transitory honour the reward of a good  
worke, sets eternall glory at a low rate.

Chrysost

If thou desirest to be magnified and accounted  
honorable, despise hono<sup>r</sup>, so shalt thou Vaine  
be honored even of all.

**V**Aine-glory is a *Froth*, which blowne off discovers a great want of measure : Canst thou O my soule bee guiltie of such an emptinesse, and not bee challeng'd? Canst thou appeare in the searching eye of heaven, and not expect to be cast away? deceive not thy selfe O my soule, nor flatter thy selfe with thy owne greatnesse. Search thy selfe to the bottome, and thou shalt find enough to humble thee : Dost thou glory in the *favour* of a Prince? The *frowne* of a Prince determines it. Dost thou glory in thy *strength*? A poore *Ague* betraies it. Dost thou glory in thy wealth? The hand of a *theefe* extinguishes it. Dost thou glory in thy *Friends*? One *cloud* of adversitie darkens it. Dost thou glory in thy *parts*? Thy owne pride obscures it. Behold my soule, how like a *Bubble* thou appearest, and with a *Sigh* breake into sorrow: The *gate* of heaven is strait; canst thou hope to enter without breaking? The *Bubble* that would passe the Floodgates must first dissolve; My soule melt then in teares, and emptie thy selfe of all thy *vanity*, and thou shalt finde divine *Repletion*; evaporate in thy *Devotion*, and thou shalt recrite thy greatnesse to eternal *Glory*.

*Anonim*

Remember o man, from whence thou  
wert taken and if thou art brother to  
y<sup>e</sup> Dunghill.

Hi



*His Prayer.*

**A**Nd can I choose O God but tremble at  
 thy judgements? Or can my stony heart  
 not stand amazed at thy Threatnings? It is thy  
 voyce O God, and thou hast spoken it: It is thy  
 voyce O God, and I have heard it. Hadst thou  
 so dealt by mee, as thou didst by *Babels* proud  
 King, and driven mee from the sonnes of men,  
 thou hadst but done according to thy righte-  
 ousnesse, and rewarded mee according to my  
 deservings: What couldst thou see in mee lesse  
 worthy of thy vengeance then in him, the ex-  
 ample of thy justice? or Lord, wherein am I  
 more incapable of thy indignation? There is  
 nothing in mee to move thy mercy but in  
 misery. Thy goodnesse is thy selfe, and hath  
 no ground but what proceedeth from it selfe,  
 yet have I sinned against that goodnesse, and  
 have thereby heaped up wrath against the day  
 of wrath; that insomuch, had not thy Grace  
 abounded with my sinne, I had long since  
 been confounded in my sinne, and swallow-  
 lowed up in the Gulph of thy displeasure.  
 But Lord thou takest no delight to punish,  
 and with thee is no respect of persons: Thou  
 takest no pleasure in the confusion of thy crea-  
 ture, but rejoycest rather in the conversion of  
 a sinner. Convert mee therefore O God, I  
 shall

shall bee then converted: Make mee sensible of my owne corruptions, that I may see the vilenesse of my owne condition. Pull downe the pride of my ambitious heart, humble me thou O God, and I shall bee humbled: Weane mee from the thirst of transitory honour, and let my whole delight bee to glory in thee: Touch thou my conscience with the feare of thy name, that in all my actions I may feare to offend thee. Endue mee O Lord with the spirit of meeknesse, and teach mee to overcome evill with a patient heart: moderate and curb the exorbitances of my passion, and give mee temperate use of all thy creatures. Replenish my heart with the Graces of thy Spirit, that in all my wayes I may bee acceptable in thy sight. In all conditions give mee a contented minde, and upon all occasions grant mee a gratefull heart, that honoring thee here in the Church militant before men, I may bee glorified hereafter in the Church Triumphant before thee and Angells, where filled with true glory according to the measure of Grace thou shalt bee pleased to give mee here, I may with Angels and Archangels praise thy Name for ever and ever.

*S. Chrysost.*  
 They who have despised all temptations  
 of riches, and have defiled themselves with  
 no worldly imagination, and have not resisted  
 strong impulses of concupiscence, often  
 times being overcome in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>same</sup> ~~vain~~ <sup>vain</sup> glory have lost all. *The*

## The Oppressor's Plea.

I Seeke but what's my owne by *Law*: It was  
 his owne free *Act* and *Deed*: The execution  
 lies for *goods* or *body*, and goods or body I will  
 have or else my *money*. What if his beggerly  
 children pine, or his proud wife perish? They  
 perish at their owne charge, not mine, and what  
 is that to mee? I must be paid, or hee lie by it  
 untill I have my utmost farthing, or his *bones*.  
 The *Law* is just and good, and being ruled by  
 that, how can my faire proceedings bee unjust?  
 what's *thirty* in the hundred to a man of Trade?  
 Are we borne to thrum Caps, or pick strawes?  
 and sell our *livelihood* for a few teares, and a whi-  
 ning face? I thanke God they move mee not so  
 much as a *bowling* dog at midnight: Ple give no  
 day if heaven it selfe would bee *securitie*; I must  
 have present money or his *bones*. The *Commodity*  
 was good enough, as wares went then, and had  
 hee had but a thriving *wit*, with the necessary  
 helpe of a good marchantable *conscience* he might  
 have gained perchance as much as now hee lost;  
 but howsoever, gaine or not gaine, I must have  
 my money. Two teadious *Termes* my dearest  
 gold hath laine in his unprofitable hands. The  
 cost of *Swiss* hath made mee bleed above a score  
 of *Royals*, besides my *Interest*, travell, halfe pints,  
 and bribes; all which does but encrease my  
 beggerly defendants damages, and sets him dee-  
 per

per on my score; but right's right, and I will have my money or his *bones*. Fiftene shillings in the pound composition? Ile hang first. Come, tell not mee of a good *conscience*, a good conscience is no parcell of my trade; it hath made more *Bankrupts* then all the loose wives in the universall Citie. My conscience is no foole. It tells mee that my owne's my owne, and that a well cram'd *bagge* is no deceitfull friend, but will stick close to mee when all my friends forsake mee: If to gaine a good *estate* out of nothing, and to regaine a desperat debt which is as good as nothing, bee the fruits and signe of a *bad* conscience, God helpe the *good*. Come, tell not me of griping and *Oppression*. The world is hard, and hee that hopes to thrive must gripe as hard: What I give I give, and what I lend I lend; If the way to heaven bee to turn *begger* upon earth, let them take it that like it, I know not what ye call *Oppression*. The *Law* is my direction; but of the two it is more profitable to oppresse then to bee opprest. If debtors would bee honest and discharge, our hands were bound; but when their failing offends my *bagges* they touch the *Apple* of my eye, and I must right them.

**B**Ut hah! what voyce is this that whispers in mine eare,

*The Lord will spoile the soule of the Oppressor,*  
*Prov. 22. 23.*

*Prov.*

Prov. 21. 22.

Robbe not the poore because hee is poore, neither oppresse the afflicted in the gates, for the Lord will plead their cause, and spoile the soule of those that have spoiled him.

Ezek. 22. 19.

The people of the land have used oppression, and exercised Robbery, and have vexed the poore and needy; yea, they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully. Therefore I have poured out my indignation upon them, I have consumed them with the fire of my wrath.

Zach. 7. 9.

Execute true judgement and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother, and oppresse not the widow nor the fatherlesse, nor the stranger, nor the poore, and let none of you imagine evill in your hearts against his brother. But they refused to hearken; therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of Hosts.

---

Bernard, p. 1691.

Wee ought so to care for our selves, as not to neglect the due regard of our neighbour.

Bern. ibid.

He that is not mercifull to another shall not find mercy from God; but if thou wilt bee mercifull and compassionate, thou shalt bee a benefactor to thy owne soule.

Is

**I**S it wisdom in thee O my soul to covet a *happiness*, or rather to account it so, that is sought for with a *judgement*, obtained with a *Curse*, and punished with *damnation*; And to neglect that *good* which is assured with a *promise*, purchased with a *blessing*, and rewarded with a *Crown* of Glory? Canst thou hold a full *estate*, a good pennyworth, which is bought with the deare price of thy Gods displeasure? Tell mee, what continuance can that *Inheritance* promise that is raised upon the *ruines* of thy Brother? Or what *mercy* canst thou expect from heaven, that hath denied all mercy to thy *Neighbour*? O my hard-hearted soule consider, and relent: Build not an house whose posts are subject to bee rotted with a *curse*: Consider what the God of truth hath threatned against thy *crueltie*; Relent, and turne compassionate, that thou mayst bee capable of his *compassion*. If the *desire* of Gold hath hardned thy heart, let the teares of true *Repentance* mollifie it; soften it with *Aarons ointment*, untill it become Wax to take the impression of that *seale* which must confirme thy *Pardon*.

Prov: 5: 15

Drink waters out of thy own Cistern.

His

## *His Prayer.*

**B**Ut will my God bee now entreated? Is not my crying sinne too loud for Pardon? Am I not sunke too deepe into the Jawes of Hell, for thy strong arme to rescue? Hath not the hardnesse of my heart made mee incapable of thy compassion? O if my teares might wash away my sinne, my head should turne a living Spring: Lord I have heard thee speake and am affraid; the word is past, and thy judgements have found mee out. Fearefulnesse and trembling are come upon mee, and the Jawes of Hell have overwhelmed mee: I have oppressed thy poore, and added affliction to the afflicted, and the voyce of their misery is come before thee. They besought mee with teares, and in the anguish of their soules, but I have stopp'd mine eares against the cry of their complaint. But Lord, thou walkest not the wayes of man, and remembrest mercy in the midst of thy wrath, for thou art good and gracious, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in compassion to all that shall call upon thee. Forgive mee O God my sinnes that are past, and deliver mee from the guilt of my Oppression: Take from mee O God this heart of stone, and create in my brest a heart of flesh: Asswage the vehemency of my desires to the things below

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low, and satisfie my soule with the sufficiency of thy Grace. Inflame my affections, that I may love thee with a filiall love, and incline mee to relie upon thy fatherly providence: Let mee account godlinesse my greatest gaine, and subdue in mee my lusts after filthy lucre. Preserve mee O Lord from the vanitie of selfe-love, and plant in my affections the true love of my neighbours: Endue my heart with the bowels of compassion, and then reward mee according to thy righteousness: Direct mee O God in the wayes of my life, and let a good Conscience bee my continuall comfort. Give mee a willing heart to make restitution of what I have wrongfully gotten by oppression. Grant mee a lawfull use of all thy Creatures, and a thankful heart for all thy benefits. Bee mercitull to all those that groane under the burthen of their owne wants, and give them patience to expect thy deliverance: Give mee a heart that may acknowledge thy favours, and fill my tongue with praise and thanksgiving, that living here a new life I may become a new creature, and being engrafted in thee by the power of thy grace I may bring forth fruit to thy honour and glory.

*S<sup>t</sup> Chrysost.*

*God is not honored in y<sup>e</sup> expence of y<sup>e</sup> money  
w<sup>ch</sup> is bedewed w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> teares of y<sup>e</sup> oppressed.*

*Sol.*

*He y<sup>e</sup> oppresseth y<sup>e</sup> poore upbraideh his  
maker.*

*Th*



## *The Drunkards Iubile.*

**W**Hat *Complement* will the severer world allow to the vacant houres of frolique-hearted *youth*! How shall their free, their jovial spirits entertaine their time, their friends! What *Oyle* shall bee infused into the Lampe of deare societie, if they deny the priviledge of a civill rejoycing *Cup*? It is the life, the radicall humor of united soules, whose love-digestive heate even ripens and ferments the greene *materials* of a plighted faith; without the helpe whereof new married friendship falls into *divorce*, and joyn'd acquaintance soone resolves into the first Elements of *strangenesse*. What meane these strict *Reformers* thus to spend their houre-glasses, and bawle against our harmelesse *Cups*? to call our meetings Riots, and brand our civill mirth with stiles of loose *Intemperance*? where they can sit at a sisters Feast, devoure and gurmundize beyond excesse, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and cloath their surfeits in the long fustian *Robes* of a tedious Grace: Is it not much better in a faire friendly *Round* (since youth must have a swing) to steep our soule-afflicting sorrows in a chirping *Cup*, then hazard our estates upon the abuse of providence in a foolish cast at *Dice*? Or at a *Cockpit* leave our doubtfull fortunes to the mercy of unmercifull

*contention?* Or spend our wanton dayes in sacrificing costl<sup>y</sup> presents to a fleshly *Idoll*? was not *Wine* given to exhilarate the drooping hearts, and raise the drowzie spirits of *dejected* soules? Is not the liberall Cup the *Sucking-bottle* of the sonnes of *Phebus*, to solace and refresh their palats in the nights of sad *Invention*? Let dry-brain'd *Zelots* spend their idle breaths, my cups shall bee my *cordials* to restore my care-befeebled heart to the true *Temper* of a well-complexioned mirth: My solid *Braines* are potent, and can beare enough, without the least offence to my distempered *Senses*, or interruption of my boone companions: My tongue can in the very *Zenith* of my Cups deliver the expressions of my composed thoughts with better sense, then these my grave *Reformers* can their best advised prayers. My *Constitution* is pot-proof, and strong enough to make a fierce encounter with the most stupendious vessell that ever sailed upon the tides of *Bacchus*. My *Reason* shrinks not; my *passion* burnes not.

O But my soule, I heare a threatning voyce that interrupts my language,

*Wee beseech them that are mightie to drink Wine, Esay 5. 22.*

Prov. 20. 1.

*Wine is a mocker; strong drinke is raging, and who-  
soever is deceived thereby is not wise.*

Esay 5. 11.

*Woe bee to them that rise up early in the morning to  
follow strong drinke, that continue till night, untill  
wine enflame them.*

Prov. 23. 20.

*Bee not amongst wine-bibbers.*

1 Cor. 5. 1.

*Now I have written unto you, not to keepe company, if  
any that is called a Brother bee a drunkard, with  
such a one, no not to eate.*

Aug. in lib. pen.

*Whilst the drunkard swallowes wine, wine swal-  
lowes him; God disregards him, Angels despise him,  
Men deride him, vertue declines him, the devill de-  
stroyes him.*

Aug. ad. sac. virg.

*Drunkenesse is the mother of all evill, the matter of  
all mischiefe, the well-spring of all vices, the trou-  
ble of the senses, the tempest of the tongue, the  
shipwrack of chastitie, the consumption of time, a  
voluntary madnesse, the corruption of manners, the  
distemper of the body and the destruction of the  
soule.*

**M**Y soule, It is the voyce of God, digested into a judgement: There is no kicking against *Pricks*, or arguing against a divine *Truth*; Pleadest thou *Custom*? Custom in *sinne* multiplies it: Pleadest thou *societie*? Societie in the *offence*, aggravates the punishment: Pleadest thou *help* to Invention? Woe bee to that barrennesse, that wants such *showers*: Pleadest thou *strength* to beare much Wine? *Woe* to those that are mightie to drinke strong drinke: My soule, thou hast sinned against thy Creator in abusing that creature he made to serve thee: Thou hast sinned against the creature, in turning it to the Creators dishonor: Thou hast sinned against thy selfe, in making thy comfort thy confusion. How many want that blessing thou hast turn'd into a curse? How many thirst whilst thou surfeitest? What satisfaction wilt thou give to the Creator, to the creature, to thy selfe, against all whom thou hast transgressed? To thy selfe, by a sober life: To the Creature, by a right use: To thy Creator, by a true Repentance: the way to all which, is *Prayer* and *Thanksgiving*.

### *His Prayer.*

**H**OW truly then, O God, this heavy woe belongs to this my boasted sinne? How many judgements are comprised, and abstracted in this woe, and all for mee, even mee O God, the miserable subject of thy eternall wrath; Even mee O Lord, the marke whereat the shafts of thy displeasure levell? Lord, I was a sinner in my first conception, and in sinne hath my mother brought mee forth; I was no sooner, but I was a slave to sinne, and all my life is nothing but the practise and the trade of high Rebellion; I have turn'd thy blessings into thy dishonour, and all thy graces into wantonnesse: Yet hast thou been my God even from the very wombe, and didst sustaine mee when I hung upon my mothers breast: Thou hast washed mee O Lord from my pollution, but like a Swine I have returned to my mire. Thou hast glaunced into my breast the blessed motions of thy holy Spirit, but I have quenched them with the springtides of my borne corruption. I have vomited up my filthinesse before thee, and like a dog have I returned to my vomit. Bee mercifull O God unto mee, Have mercy on mee O thou sonne of *David*; I cannot O Lord expect the childrens bread, yet suffer mee to lick the crummes that fall  
C 4 beneath

beneath their table, I that have so oft abused the greatest of thy blessings am not worthy of the meanest of thy favours. Look, look upon me according to the goodnesse of thy mercy, and not according to the greatnesse of my offences: Give mee O God a sober heart, and a lawfull moderation in the enjoyment of thy Creatures. Reclaime my appetite from unseasonable delights, lest I turne thy blessings into a curse; In all my dejections, bee thou my comfort, and let my rejoycing bee onely in thee. Propose to mine eyes the evilnesse of my dayes, and make mee carefull to redeeme my time: Weane mee from the pleasure of vaine societie, and let my Companions bee such as feare thee; Forgive all such as have been partners in my sinne, and turne their hearts to the obedience of thy Lawes. Open their eares to the reproofs of the wise, and make them powerfull in reformation. Allay that lust which my intemperance hath inflam'd, and cleanse my affections with the grace of thy good spirit; make mee thankfull for the strength of my body, that I may for the time to come returne it to the advantage of thy glory.

*St August.*

*It is most shamefull, if lust should subdue him whom if strength of man cannot, if he should be overcome w<sup>th</sup> wine & scorn to stoop to an others sword.*

*Ecl<sup>us</sup> 31:25*

*Show not thy valiantness in wine, for wine has destroyed many.*

## The Swearers Apologie.

**W**ill *Bomarges* never cease? And will these *Plague-denouncers* never leave to thunder judgements in my trembling eare? Nothing but *plagues*? Nothing but *judgements*? Nothing but *damnation*? What have I done to make my case *desperate*? And what have they not done to make my soule *despair*? Have I set up false Gods like the *Egyptians*? Or have I bowed before them like the *Israelites*? Have I violated the Sabbath like the *Libertines*? Or like cursed *Cham* have I discovered my fathers nakednesse? Have I embrued my hands in blood like *Barabbas*? Or like *Absolon* defiled my fathers Bed? Have I like *Jacob* supplanted my elder brother? O like *Abab* intruded into *Nabobs* Vineyard? Have I borne false witness like the wanton *Elders*? Or like *David* coveted *Uriahs* wife? Have I not given *Tithes* of all I have? Or hath my purse beene hidebound to my hungry brother? Hath not my life been *blamelesse* before men? And my demeanour *unreprovable* before the world? Have I not hated *Vice* with a perfect hatred? and countenanced *vertue* with a due respect? What meane these strict *observers* of my life, to ransack every *Action*, to carpe at every *word*, and with their sharpe censorious tongues to sentence every *frailtie* with *damnation*? Is there no *allowance* to *humanitie*? No *Graines* to *flesh and blood*? Are wee all *Angels*? Has mortalitie no *priviledge*, to supersede

supersede it from the utmost punishment of a little necessary frailtie? Come, come, my soule, let not these judgement-thunderers fright thee: Let not these Qualmes of their exuberous zeale disturbe thee. Thou hast not cursed like *Shemei*, nor rail'd like *Rabshakeh*, nor lied like *Ananias*, nor slander'd like thy accusers. They that censure thy Gnats swallow their owne Camels. What if the luxuriant stile of thy discourse doe chance to strike upon an obvious Oub, art thou straight hurried into the bosome of a Plague? What if the custome of a harmelesse oath should captivate thy heedlesse tongue, can nothing under sudden judgement seize upon thee? What if anothers diffidence should force thy earnest Lips into a hasty Oath, in confirmation of a suffering Truth; must thou be straightwayes branded with damnation? Was *Joseph* mark'd for everlasting death, for swearing by the life of *Egyptus* King? Was *Peter* when hee so denied his master, straight damn'd for swearing, and for swearing? O flatter not thy selfe my soule, nor turne thou Advocate to so high a sinne: Make not the slips of Saints a precedent for thee to fall.

**I**F the Rebukes of flesh may not prevaile, heare then the threathing of the Spirit which saith,

*The Plague shall not depart from the house of the swearer.*



**Exod. 20. 7.**

*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vaine, for the Lord will not hold him guiltlesse that taketh his Name in vaine.*

**Zach. 5. 3.**

*And every one that sweareth shall bee cut off.*

**Matth. 5. 34.**

*Sweare not at all, neither by heaven, for it is Gods Throne, nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: But let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay, for whatsoever is more then these commeth of evill.*

**Jer. 23. 10.**

*Because of swearing the land mourneth.*

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**Aug. in Ser.**

*The murderer killeth the body of his brother, but the swearer murders his owne soule.*

**August. in Psal. 88.**

*It's well that God hath forbidden man to sweare, lest by custome of swearing (in as much as wee are apt to mistake) wee commit perjury: there's none but God can safely sweare, because there's no other but may be deceived.*

**August. de Mendacio.**

*I say unto you, Sweare not at all, lest by swearing ye come to a facilitie of swearing, from a facilitie to a custome, and from a custome ye fall into perjury.*

O What a judgement is here! How terrible! How full of Execution! The *Plague*? the extract of all diseases! none so mortall; none so comfortlesse! It makes our house a *Prison*, our friends *strangers*; No comfort but in the expectation of the *months* end: I, but this judgement excludes that comfort too; *The Plague* shall never depart from the house of the swearer: What never? *Death* will give it a Period: No, but it shall bee entail'd upon his house, his family: O detestable! O destructive sinne! that leaves a *Crosse* upon the dores of Generations, and layes whole families upon the dust; A sinne whereto neither *Profit* incites, nor *Pleasure* allures, nor *Necessitie* compells, nor *Inclination* of nature perswades; a meere voluntary, begun with a malignant imitation, and continued with an habitual presumption. Consider O my soule, every *Oath* hath been a nayle to wound that *Saviour*, whose blood (O mercy above expression!) must save thee: Bee sensible of thy *Actions* and his sufferings: Abhorre thy selfe in dust and ashes, and magnifie his Mercy that hath turn'd this judgement from thee. Goe wash those wounds which thou hast made, with teares, and humble thy selfe with Prayer, and true repentance.

## His Prayer.

**E**Ternall and omnipotent God, before whose  
 glorious name Angels, and Archangels bow,  
 and hide their faces, to which the blessed Spi-  
 rits, and Saints of thy triumphant Church sing  
 forth perpetuall *Hallelujahs*, I a poore Sprig  
 of disobedient *Adam* doe here make bold to  
 take that holy Name into my sinne-polluted  
 lippes: I have hainously sinned O God against  
 thee, and against it; I have disparaged it in  
 my thoughts, dishonoured it in my words, pro-  
 faned it in my actions, and I know thou art a  
 jealous God, and a consuming fire, as faith-  
 full in thy promises, so fearefull in thy judge-  
 ments; I therefore flie from the dreadfull Name  
 of Jehovah, which I have abused, to that gra-  
 tious Name of Jesus, wherein thou art well  
 pleased; in that most sacred Name, O God, I  
 fall before thee, and for his beloved sake O  
 Lord I come unto thee. Cleanse thou my  
 heart O God, and then, my tongue shall praise  
 thee: Wash thou my soule, O Lord, and then  
 my lippes shall blesse thee. Worke in my heart  
 a feare of thy displeasure, and give mee an aw-  
 full reverence of thy Name. Set thou a Watch  
 before my lips, that I offend not with my tongue:  
 Let no respects entice mee to bee an instrument  
 of thy dishonour, and let thy attributes bee pre-  
 cious

tious in mine eyes, teach mee the way of thy Precepts, O Lord, and make me sensible of all my offences: Let not my sinfull custome in sinning against thy Name take from my guiltie soule the sense of my sinne: Give mee a respect unto all thy Commandements, but especially preserve mee from the danger of this my bo-  
some sinne. Mollifie my heart at the rebukes of thy servants, and strike into my inward parts a feare of thy judgements: Let all my communication bee order'd as in thy presence, and let the words of my mouth bee governed by thy Spirit. Avert those judgements from mee which thy Word hath threatned, and my sinne hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution for the time to come; Worke in mee a true godly sorrow, that it may bring forth in mee a newnesse of life. Sanctifie my thoughts with the continuall meditation of thy Commandements, and mortifie those passions which provoke mee to offend thee. Let not the examples of others induce mee to this sinne, nor let the frailties of my flesh seek Fig leaves to cover it. Seale in my heart the full assurance of thy Reconciliation, and looke upon mee in the bowells of compassion, that crowning my weak desires with thy All-sufficient power, I may escape this judgement which thy justice hath threatned here, and obtaine that happinesse thy mercy hath promised hereafter.

St Chrysost.

There is none y<sup>e</sup> useth to weare often, but will sometimes change to foreweare: as he y<sup>e</sup> gives y<sup>e</sup> rains to his tongue too much, often speaks y<sup>e</sup>: which he blusheth for in silence.

## The Procrastinators Remora's.

**T**ELL mee no more of *fasting*, *prayer*, and *death*; They fill my thoughts with *dumps* of Melancholy. These are no *subjects* for a youthfull care; no *contemplations* for an active soule: Let them whom sullen *Age* hath weaned from aery pleasures, whom wayward *fortune* hath condemn'd to sighes and groanes, whom sad diseases have beflaved to *drugs* and *diets*; let them consume the remnant of their wretched *dayes* in dull *devotion*: Let them afflict their aking soules with the untunable discourses of *mortalitie*; Let them contemplate on *evill* *dayes*, and reade sharpe *Lectures* of their owne experience: For me, my bones are full of unctious *marrow*, and my blood, of sprightly *Touth*: My faire and free estate secures me from the feares of fortunes *frowne*. My *strength* of constitution hath the power to grapple with sorrow, sickness, nay the very pangs of death, and overcome. 'Tis true, God must bee *sought*; What impious tongue dare be so basely bold to contradict so knowne a *Truth*? And by *repentance* too; What strange impietie dare deny it? Or what presumptuous lips dare disavow it? But there's a *time* for all things, yet none prefixt for this, no day designed, but, *At what time soever*: If my *unseasonable* heart should seeke him now, the *worke* would be too serious for so Greene a *seeker*.

My

My *thoughts* are yet unsetled, my *fancy* yet too too gamesome, my *judgement* yet unsound, my *Will* unsanctified; To seeke him with an *unprepared* heart is the high way not to finde him; or to finde him with *unsetled* resolution is the next way to lose him; and indeed it wants but little of prophaneesse, to bee *unseasonably* religious. What is once to bee done is long to bee deliberated. Let the boyling pleasures of the rebellious flesh *evaporate* a little, and let mee drayn my boggy soule from those corrupted, inbred humors of collapsed *nature*, and when the tender *bllossomes* of my youthfull vanitie shall begin to fade, my setled *understanding* will begin to *knot*, my solid judgement will begin to *ripen*, my rightly guided will be *resolved*, both what to seeke, and when to find, and how to prize; till then my tender youth, in her pursuit, will bee disturb'd with every *blast* of honour, diverted with every *flash* of pleasure, misled by *Counsell*, turned back with feare, puzzl'd with *doubt*, interrupted by *Passion*, withdrawne with *prosperitie*, and discourag'd with *adversitie*.

**T**AKE heed my soul, when thou hast lost thy self in thy journey, how wilt thou find thy God at thy *journeys end*? Whom thou hast lost by too long *delay*, thou wilt hardly find with too late a *diligence*. Take time while time shall serve, that day may come wherein

Thou shalt seek the Lord, but shalt not finde him.  
Hos. 5. 6.

Esa

*Esay 55. 6.*

*Seek the Lord while he may bee found, call upon him  
while he is neare.*

*Heb. 12. 17.*

*He found no place for repentance, though hee sought it  
with teares carefully.*

*Thou soole, this night will I take thy soule from  
thee.*

*Revel. 2. 21.*

*I gave her a space to repent, but shee repented not;  
Behold therefore I will cast her.*

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*Greg. lib. Mor.*

*Seeke God whilst thou canst not see him, for when thou  
seest him thou canst not find him: seeke him by hope  
and thou shalt finde him by faith; In the day of  
grace hee is invisable, but neare; in the day of judge-  
ment he is visible, but farre off.*

*Ber. Ser. 24.*

*If wee would not seeke God in vaine, let us seeke him  
in truth, often, and constantly; Let us not seeke  
another thing in stead of him, nor any other thing  
with him, nor for any other thing, leave him.*

O My soule, thou hast sought *wealth*, and hast either not found it, or *cared* with it; thou hast sought for *pleasure*, and hast found it, but no comfort in it: Thou soughtest *honour* and hast found it, and perchance fallen with it: Thou soughtest *friendship*, and hast found it false: *societie*, and hast found it vaine; And yet thy *God*, the fountaine of all *wealth*, *pleasure*, *honour*, *friendship*, and *societie*, thou hast slighted as a *toy* not worth the finding: Be wise, my soule, and blush at thy own *folly*. Set thy desires on the right *object*: Seeke *wisdom*, and thou shalt find knowledge, and *wealth*, and *honour*, and length of *dayes*: Seeke *heaven*, and earth shall seeke thee; and deferre not thy *Inquest*, lest thou lose thy *opportunitie*: To day thou maist find him, whom to morrow thou mayst seek with teares, and misse: Yesterday is too late, to morrow is *uncertaine*, to day is onely *thine*: I, but my soule, I feare my too long delay hath made this day too late; feare not my soule, hee that has given thee his *Grace* to day will forget thy *neglect* of yesterday, seeke him therefore by true *repentance*, and thou shalt find him in thy Prayer.

Greg:

God <sup>t</sup> has promised pardon to <sup>e</sup> penitent hath not promised <sup>e</sup> respite of to morrow to <sup>e</sup> impenitent sinner. ~~and therefore~~

His



*His Prayer.*

**O** God, that like thy pretious Word art hid to  
 none, but who are lost, and yet art found  
 by all that seek thee with an upright heart, cast  
 downe thy gracious eye upon a lost sheep of *Is-*  
*rael*, strayed through the vanitie of his unbri-  
 dled youth, and wandred in the wildernesse of  
 his owne invention. Lord I have too much de-  
 lighted in mine owne wayes, and have put the  
 evill day too farre from mee; I have wallowed  
 in the pleasures of this deceitfull world, which  
 perish in the using, and have neglected thee my  
 God, at whose right hand are pleasures for ever-  
 more: I have drawne on iniquitie as with Cart-  
 ropes, and have committed evill with greed-  
 nesse: I have quencht the motions of thy good  
 spirit, and have delayed to seeke thee by true  
 and unfaigned repentance: In stead of seeking  
 thee whom I have lost, I have withdrawne my  
 selfe from thy presence when thou hast sought  
 mee. It were but justice therefore in thee to  
 stop thine eares at my petitions, or turne my  
 Prayers as sinne into my bosome; But Lord,  
 thou art a gracious God, and full of pity,  
 and unwearied compassion, and thy loving kind-  
 nesse is from generation to generation: Lord, in  
 not seeking thee I have utterly lost my selfe,  
 and if thou find mee not I am lost for ever,  
 and

and if thou find mee, thou canst not but finde me in my sinnes, and then thou find'st mee to my owne destruction. How miserable O Lord is my condition! How necessary is my confusion! that have neglected to seeke thee, and therefore am afraid to bee found of thee. But Lord if thou looke upon the all-sufficient merits of thy Sonne, thy justice will bee no loser in shewing mercy upon a sinner; In his name therefore I present my selfe before thee; in his merits I make my humble approach unto thee; in his name I offer up my feeble Prayers; for his merits grant mee my petitions. Call not to mind the rebellions of my flesh, and remember not O God the vanities of my youth: Inflame my heart with the love of thy presence, and relish my meditations with the pleasure of thy sweetness. Let not the consideration of thy justice overwhelm me in despaire, nor the meditation of thy mercy perswade mee to presume. Sanctifie my will by the wisdom of thy Spirit, that I may desire thee as the chiefest good. Quicken my desires with a fervent zeale, that I may seeke my Creator in the dayes of my youth. Teach mee to seeke thee according to thy will, and then bee found according to thy promise, that living in mee here by thy grace, I may hereafter raigne with thee in glory.

## The Hypocrites Prevarication.

There is no such *stuffe* to make a cloake on  
 as *Religion*: nothing so fashionable, no-  
 thing so profitable; it is a *Livery*, wherein a  
 wise man may serve *two* masters, God and the  
 world, and make a gainefull service by either:  
 I serve *bab*, and in both, *myselfe*, in prevarica-  
 ting with both. Before *man* none serves his God  
 with more severe *devotion*, for which among the  
 best of men I work my own *end*, & serve my self.  
 In private I serve the *world*, not with so strict *devo-*  
*tion*, but with more *delight*, where fulfilling of her  
 servants *lusts* I work my end, and serve my self: The  
 house of *Prayer* who more frequents then I? In all  
 Christian *duties* who more forward then I? I *fast*  
 with those that fast, that I may eate with those  
 that eate: I *mourne* with those that mourne: No  
 hand more open to the *cause* then mine, and in  
 their families none *prayer* longer and with lou-  
 der zeale: Thus when the *opinion* of a holy life  
 hath cryed the goodnesse of my Conscience up,  
 my trade can lack no *custome*, my wares can  
 want no *price*, my words can need no *credit*,  
 my actions can lack no *praise*: If I am *covetous*,  
 it is interpreted providence; if *miserable*, it is  
 counted temperance; if *melancholly*, it is constru-  
 ed godly sorrow; if *merry*, it is voted spirituall  
 joy; if I be *rich*, it is thought the blessing of a godly  
 life; if *poor*, supposed the fruit of conscionable  
 dealing; if I be *well spoken* of, it is the merit  
 of holy conversation; if *ill*, it is the malice of

Malignants; thus I saile with every winde, and have my end in all conditions. This Cloake in *Summer* keepes mee coole, in *winter* warme, and hides the nasty Bag of all my secret lusts: Under this Cloake I walke in *publique* fairely, with applause, and in *private* sinne securely without offence, and officiate *wisely* without discovery; I compasse Sea and land to make a *Profelyte*, and no sooner made but he makes mee. At a *Fast* I cry *Geneva*, and at a *Feast* I cry *Rome*. If I bee poore, I *counterfeit* abundance to save my credit; if rich, I *dissemble* povertie to save charges. I most frequent *Sebismaticall* Lectures, which I find most profitable, from whence learning to divulge and maintaine new doctrines, they maintaine mee in suppers thrice a weeke; I use the helpe of a lie, sometimes as a *Religious Stratagem* to uphold the Gospell, and I colour oppression with Gods judgement executed upon the wicked. Charity I hold an extraordinary *dutie*, therefore not *ordinarily* to bee performed. VVhat I openly reprove abroad for my owne profit, that I *secretly* act at home for my owne pleasure.

**B**UT stay, I see a hand-writing in my heart  
lamps my soule, 'tis characterd in these few  
words,

Woe bee to you Hypocrites, Matth 23. 13.

Job 20. 5.

The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment.

Job 15. 34.

The Congregation of the hypocrites shall bee desolate.

Psal. 11. 9.

An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour, but through knowledge shall the just bee delivered.

Luke 12. 1.

Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy.

Job 36. 13.

The hypocrites in heart heape up wrath, they die in their youth, and their life is amongst the uncleane.

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Salvian. de Gubern. Dei. l. 4.

The hypocrites love not those things they professe, and what they pretend in words they disclaime in practise; their sinne is the more damnable, because covered in with pretence of pietie, having the greater guilt because it obtaines a godly repute.

Hieron. Ep.

Endeavour rather to be, then to be thought holy; for what profits it thee to bee thought to be what thou art not? and that man doubles his guilt, who is not so holy as the world thinkes him, and counterfeits what holinesse which he hath not.

**H**OW like a living *Sepulcher* did I appeare! without, beautified with *gold* and rich *intertion*; within, nothing but a loathed *corruption*: So long as this faire *Sepulcher* was clos'd, it pass for a curious Monument of the Builders *Art*, but being opened by these spirituall *Keyes*, 'tis nothing but a *Receptacle* of offensive putrefaction: In what a nasty *dungeon* hast thou my soule, so long remain'd unskiffed? How wert thou wedded to thy owne *corruptions*, that couldst endure thy unsavory filthinesse? The *world* hated mee, because I seemed good; *God* hated mee, because I onely seemed good: I had no *friend* but my selfe, and this friend was my bosome enemy: O my soule, is there *water* enough in *Jordan* to cleanse thee? Hath *Gilead* *Balme* enough to heale thy superannuated sores? I have sinned, I am convicted, I am convicted: Gods mercy is above *Dimensions*, when sinners have not sinn'd beyond *Repentance*: Art thou my soule truly penitent for thy sin? Thou hast free *Interest* in his mercy: fall then my soule before his *Mercy seate*, and he will crowne thy *Penitence* with his pardon.

## *His Prayer.*

**O** God before the brightnesse of whose All-discerning eye the secrets of my heart appeare, before whose cleare omniscience the very entralls of my soule lie open, who art a God of righteousness, and truth, and lovest uprightnesse in the inward parts: How can I choose but feare to thrust into thy glorious presence, or move my sinfull lips to call upon that Name which I so often have dishonored, and made a Cloake to hide the basenesse of my close transgressions? Lord, when I look into the progresse of my filthy life, my guilty conscience calls mee to so strict account, and reflects to mee so large an Inventory of my presumptuous finnes, that I commit a greater sinne in thinking them more infinite then thy mercy. But Lord thy mercies have no date, nor is thy goodness circumscribed. The gates of thy compassion are alwayes open to a broken heart, and promise entertainment to a contrite spirit; the burden of my finnes is grievous, and the remembrance of my hypocrisie is intolerable; I have sinned against thy Maiety with a high hand, but I repent mee from the bottome of an humble heart: As thou hast therefore given mee sorrow for my finnes, so crowne that gift in the freeness of remission: Bee fully reconcil'd to mee, through the all-sufficient merits of thy Sonne  
my

my Saviour, and seale in my afflicted heart the full assurance of thy gracious favour: Bee thou exalted O God above the heavens, and let mee praise thee with a single heart; cleanse thou my inward parts O God, and purifie the closet of my polluted soule: Fix thou my heart O thou searcher of all secrets, and keepe my affections wholly to thee. Remove from mee all by and base respects that I may serve thee with an upright spirit. Take not the word of truth out of my mouth, nor give mee over to deceitfull lips; Give mee an inward reverence of thy Majestie, that I might openly confesse thee in the truth of my sinceritie. Bee thou the onely object, and end of all my actions, and let thy honour bee my great reward: Let not the hopes of filthy lucre, or the praise of men incline me to thee, neither let the pleasures of the world nor the feares of any losse entice mee from thee. Keepe from mee those judgements my hypocrisie hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution to abhorre my former life: Give me strength O God to serve thee with a perfect heart in the newnesse of life, that I may bee delivered from the old man, and the snares of death. Then shall I praise thee with my entire affections, and glorifie thy name for ever and ever.

Anonym

The hypocrite, <sup>t</sup> deceives <sup>e</sup> eye of man  
cannot <sup>e</sup> eye of god: he feares <sup>e</sup> eye of  
them <sup>e</sup> can onely observe, but feares  
not <sup>e</sup> eye of god <sup>t</sup> will heartily punish.



## *The Ignorant mans faltering.*

**Y**OU tell mee, and you tell me that I must bee a *good man*, and serve God, and doe his will; and so I doe for ought I know: I am sure I am as *good* as God has made mee, and I can make my selfe no *better*, so I cannot: And as for serving God, I am sure I goe to *Church* as well as the best in the *Parish*, though I bee not so fine; and I make no question, if I had better *cloathes*, but I should doe God as much credit as another man, though I say it: And as for doing Gods will, I besprew mee, I leave that to them that are *booke-learn'd*, and can doe it more wisely: I beleeve the *Picar* of our *Parish* can doe it, and has done it too, as well as any within five miles of his head, and what need I trouble my selfe to doe what is so well done already? I hope hee being so good a *Churchman*, and so great a *Schollard*, and can speake *Latine* too, would not leave that to so simple man as I. It is enough for mee to know, that God is a *good man*; and that the ten *Commandements* are the best prayers in all the book, unlesse it bee the *Crede*. And that I must love my *neighbour* as well as he loves mee, and for all other *Quilicoms*, they shall never trouble my braines, *an grace a God*. Let mee goe a *simdyes* and serve God, obey the *King*, (God blesse him) doe no man no wrong, say the *Lords Prayer* every morning and evening, follow my worke, give a *Noble* to the poore at my death,

death, and then say *Lord have mercy upon mee*, and goe away like a *Lambe*, I make no question but I shall deserve heaven as well as he that weares a gayer coate: But yet I am not so *ingrant* neither, nor have not gone so often to Church, but I know *Christ* died for mee too, as well as for any other man: I'd bee sorry elle; and that, next to our *Vicar*, I shall goe to heaven when I am dead as soone as another; nay more, I know there bee two Sacraments, *bread* and *wine*, and but two, (though the *Papists* say there bee six or seven) and that I verily beleeve I shall be saved by those *Sacraments*, & that I love God above all, or else 'twere pittie of my life, and that when I am dead and rotten, (as our *Vicar* told mee) I shall rise againe and be the same man I was. But for that, hee must excuse mee, till I have better satisfaction; for all his learning, he cannot make me such a foole, unlesse hee shew mee a better reason for't, then yet hee has done.

**B**UT one thing hee told me, now I thinke on't, troubles me woundly, namely that God is my *Master*, all which I confesse; and that I must doe his *will*. (whether I know how to doe it or nor) or else it will goe ill with me; He read it (he said) out of Gods *Bible*, and I shall remember the words so long as I have a day to live, which are these,

*He that knoweth not his masters will and doth things worthy of stripes, shall bee beaten with few stripes,*  
 Luke 12. 48.

1 Cor.

**1 Cor. 14. 20.**

Brethren bee not children in understanding, howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.

**1 Cor. 15. 34.**

Awake to righteousness and sin not, for some have not the knowledge of God, I speake it to your shame.

**Ephes. 4. 18.**

Walke not in the vanitie of your minds, having the understanding darkned, being alienated from the life of God, through the Ignorance which is in you, because of the blindness of your hearts.

**Levit. 5. 17.**

And if a soule finne and commit any of these things which are forbidden to be done by the commandments of the Lord, though hee wist it not, yet is hee guilty, and shall beare his iniquitie.

**2 Thes. 1. 7. 8.**

The Lord Iesus shall be revealed from heauen, with his mightie Angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God.

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**Greg. Mag. Moral.**

It is good to know much, and so live well; but if we cannot attaine both, it is better to desire piety then wisdom, for knowledge makes no man happy, nor doth blessedness consist in intellectuals. The onely brave thing is a religious life.

To sin against knowledge is so much the greater offence then an ignorant trespass, by how much the crime which is capable of no excuse, is more hainous then the fault which admits a tolerable plea. Justin, Mart. Resp. ad orthod.

**How**

**H**OW well it had been for thee O my soule,  
 if I had *bookelrind*; Alas I cannot *reade*,  
 and what I heare, I cannot *understand*; I cannot  
 profit as I *should*, and therefore cannot be as good  
 as I *would*, for which I am right sorry: That I  
 cannot serve as well as my betters, hath been of-  
 ten a great griefe to me, and that I have been so  
*ingrant* in good things, hath been a great heart-  
 breaking to me: I can say no prayers for want  
 of knowledge to *reade*, but *Our Father* and the  
*Creede*: But the comfort is, God knowes my  
 heart, but I trust in God *Our Father*, being made  
 by Christ himselfe, will bee enough for me that  
 know not how to make a better. I indeavour to  
 doe all our *Vicar* bids me, and when I receive  
 the *Communion* I truly forgive all the world for  
 a fortnight after or such a matter, but then some  
 old *injury* makes me forget my selfe, but I can-  
 not helpe it, an my life should lie ont. O my  
 ingrant soule, what shall I do to bee saved? All  
 that I can say is, *Lord have mercy upon me*, and all  
 that I can doe is but to doe my good will, and  
 that Ile doe with all my heart, and say my  
*prayers* too as well as God will give mee leave, an  
 grace a God.

*His Prayer.*

O God the Father of heaven have mercy upon me miserable sinner; I am as I must needs confesse a sinfull man, as my forefathers were before mee: I have heard many Sermons and have had many good lessons from the mouths of painefull Ministers, but through the dulnesse of my understanding, and for want of learning I have not profited so much as else I should have done; spare mee therefore O God, spare mee whom thou hast redeemed with thy pretious blood, and bee not angry for ever; I must confesse the painefulnesse of my calling, and the heavinesse of my owne nature hath taken from mee the delight of hearing thy Word, and the ignorance of learning which I was never brought upto, hath kept me from reading it, that inso-much, in stead of growing better, I feare I have growne worse and worse, and have been so far from doing thy will, that I doe not understand what thy will is, very well. But thou O mercifull God that didst reveale thy selfe to poore Shepherds and Fishermen that had no more learning then I, have mercy upon mee for Jesus Christ his sake. Thou that hast promised to instruct the simple, and to leade the ignorant into thy way, bec good and mercifull to mee I beseech thee; Thou that drawest the needy out of the dust

dust, and the poore out of the dunghill, give me the knowledge of thy will, and teach me how to serve thee: Take from me the drowzinesse of my heart, open mine eyes that I may see the truth, and mine eares that I may understand thy Word, and strengthen my memory that I may lay it up in my heart, and shew it in my life and vocation to thy glory and my comfort, and the comfort of my friends. Lord write thy will in my heart, that when I know it I may doe it willingly: O teach me what thy pleasure is that I may doe my best to performe it: Give mee faith to lay hold of Christ Jesus who died for mee, that after I am dead I may rise againe and live with him: Give mee a good heart that I may deale honestly with all men, and doe as I would be done to. Blesse mee in my calling, and prosper the labour of my hands, that I may have enough to feed mee and cloathe me, and to give to the poore: Mend all that is amisse in me, and expect from me according to the measure thou hast given me. Forgive me all my sinnes, and make mee willing to please thee, that living a good life I may make a gracious death, and so at last I may come to heaven and live for ever, for Jesus Christ his sake, *Amen.*

*Anonym*

That onely is y<sup>e</sup> best knowledg<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> makes  
us better.

*Anonym*

Ignorance will not excuse sin, when it  
self is a sin.

*Th*

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## The sloathfull mans slumber.

**O** What a world of *Curses*, the eating of the forbidden *fruit* hath brought upon mankinde! and unavoydably entail'd upon the *sonnes* of men! Among all which no one appears to me more terrible and full of sorrow, and bewraying greater wrath, then that insufferable, that horrible punishment of *labour*, and to purchase Bread with so extreame a price as *sweat*: But O what happe, what happinelle have they, whose dying *Parents* have procured a quiet fortune for their unmolested *Children*, and conveigh'd descended *Rents* to their succeeding heirs, whose *easie* and contented lives may sit and suck the sweetnesse of their cumberlesse *estates*, and with their folded hands enjoy the *delicates* of this toylsome world! How blessed, how delicious are those *easie* morsells, that can finde the way to nay soft palat, and then attend upon the wanton leasure of my silken *slumbers*, without the painefull *practise* of my bosome folded hands or sad contrivement of my studious and contracted *Browes*! Why should I tire my tender youth, and torture out my groaning dayes in *toyle* and *travell*? and discompose the happy peace of my harmonious thoughts with painefull *grinding* in the common *mill* of dull mortalitie? Why should I rob my craving eyelids of their delight-  
E
full

full *Rest*, to cark and care, and purvey for that *Bread* which every work-abhorring *vagabond* can finde of *Almes* at every good mans doore? Why should I leave the warme protection of my care-beguiling *Doune*, to play the droyling drudge for daily *food*, when the young empty *Ravens* (that have no hands to worke, nor providence, but heaven) can call and be supplied? The pale fac'd *Lilly* and the blushing *Rose*, neither spinnes nor sewes, yet princely *Solomon* was never robed with so much glory. And shall I then afflict my body and beslave my heaven-borne soule to purchase *Rags* to cloathe my nakednesse? Is my condition worse then *Sheepe*, ordain'd for slaughter, that crop the springing *Grasse*, cloath'd warme in soft *Arrayments*, purchac'd without their Providence or paines? Or shall the pamper'd *Beast* that shines with fatnesse, and growes wanton through his carefull *Groomes* indulgence find better measure at the worlds too partiall hands then I? Come, come, let those take paines that love to leave their names enroll'd in memorable monuments of *Parchment*; The day has griefe enough without my helpe; and let *To morrowes* shoulders beare to morrowes burthens.

**B**Ut stay my soule, O stay thy rash resolves, take heed whilst thou avoyd the punishment of sinne, labour, thou meet not the reward of idlenesse, a judgement;

*The idle soule shall suffer hunger, Prov. 19. 15.*

*Eccles*



Eccles. 10. 18.

By much slothfulnesse the building decayeth, and through idlenesse of the hands, the house droppeth thorough.

Exod. 16. 49.

Behold this was the iniquitie of thy sister Sodome, pride, fulnesse of Bread, and abundance of idlenesse was in her and in her daughters, neither did shee strengthen the hand of the poore and needy.

Prov. 6. 6, 7, 8.

Go to the Pismire O sluggard, behold her wayes and be wise.

For she having no guide, governour, nor ruler, prepareth her meat in Summer, and gathereth her food in harvest.

Nilus in Parænes.

Idlenesse is the wombe or fountaine of all wickednesse: for it consumes and wastes the riches and vertues which we have already, and disinables us to get those we have not.

Nilus in Paræn.

Was hee to the idle soules, for he shall hunger after that which he is not consumed.

**H**OW presumptuously hast thou my soule, transgressed the expresse *Commandement* of thy God! How hast thou dasht thy selfe against his *judgements*! How hath thy undeserving hand usurpt thy *diet* and wearest on thy back the *wages* of the painefull soule! Art thou not condemned to *Rags*, to *Famine*, by him whose Law commanded thee to *labour*? And yet thou pamper'st up thy sides with stollen *food*, and yet thou deck'st thy wanton body with unearn'd *ornaments*; whiles they that spend their daily strength in their commanded *callings* (whose labour gives them interest in them) want *Bread* to feed, and *Rags* to cloathe them. Thou art no young *Raven* my soule, no *Lilly*: Where *abilitie* to labour is, there Providence meets *action*, and crownes it: Hee that forbids to cark for *to morrow*, denies *Bread* to the *Idleness* of to day: Consider, O my soule thy owne *delinquency*, and let *employment* make thee capable of thy Gods *protection*: The Bird that sits is a faire mark for the Fowler, while they that use the wing escape the danger; follow thy *calling*, and heaven will follow thee with his *Blessing*: What thou hast formerly omitted, present repentance may redeeme, and what *judgements* God hath threatned, early *Petitions* may avert.

## *His Prayer.*

**M**ost great and most glorious God, who for the sinne of our first parents hast condemned our fraile bodies to the punishment of labour, and hast commanded every one a Calling and a Trade of life, that hatelt idlenesse as the root of evill, and threatnest povertie to the slothfull hand; I thy poore suppliant convicted by thy judgements and conscious of my own transgression, flie from my selfe to Thee, and humbly appeale from the high Tribunall of thy Justice, and seeke for refuge in the Sanctuary of thy Mercy: Lord, I have led a life displeasing to thee, and have been a scandall to my profession; I have slighted those Blessings which thy goodnesse hath promised to a conscionable calling, and have swallowed downe the Bread of idlenesse; I have impaired the Talent thou gavest me, and have lost the opportunity of doing much good: I have filled my heart with idle imaginations, and have layd my selfe open to the lusts of the flesh: I have abused thy favours in the misexpending of my precious time, and have taken no delight in thy Sabbaths; I have doted too much on the pleasures of this world, and like a Droane have fed upon the hony of Bees. If thou O God shouldst see extreame to search my wayes with too se-

were an eye, thou couldst not choose but when thy indignation, and powre the vials of thy wrath upon mee; looke therefore not upon my finnes, O Lord, but through the merits of my Saviour, who hath made a full satisfaction for all my finnes: What through my weakness I have fail'd to doe, the fulnesse of his sufferings hath most exactly done; In Him O God in whom thou art well pleased, and for his sake bee gracious to my sinne; Alter my heart and make it willing to please thee, that in my life I may adorne my profession: Give me a care and a conscience in my calling, and grant thy blessing to the lawfull labours of my hand; Let the fidelitie of my vocation improve my Talent, that I may enter into my Masters joy: Rouze up the dulnesse and deadnesse of my heart, and quench those flames of lust within mee. Assist mee O God in the redemption of my time, and deliver my soule from the evilnesse of my dayes; Let thy providence accompany my moderate endeavours, and let all my employments depend upon thy providence, that when the labours of this sinfull world shall cease, I may feele and enjoy the benefit of a good conscience, and obtaine the rest of new Jerusalem in the Eternity of glory.

*Anonymous:*

*He y<sup>e</sup> is idle, is ready for Satan to set  
on work.*

## The proud mans Ostentation.

I'Le make him feeble the *weight* of displeasure,  
 and teach him to *repent* his saucy boldnesse:  
 How dare his basenesse once presume to breathe  
 so neare my *person*, much more to take my *name*  
 into his dunghill mouth? me thinks the lustre of  
 my *sparkling* eye might have had the power to  
 astonish him into good manners, and sent him  
 back to cast his mind into a faire *Petition*, hum-  
 bly presented with his trembling hand. But  
 thus to presse into my *presence*, to presse so  
 neare my *face*, and then to *speak*, and speake to  
 me, as if I were his equall, is more then suffe-  
 rable: The way to be contemn'd is to digest *con-*  
*tempt*; but he that would be honour'd by the vul-  
 gar sort must wisely keepe a distance: A counte-  
 nance that's *reserv'd*, breeds feare and observati-  
 on: but *affability* and too easie an *accesse* makes  
 fooles too bold, and *reputation* cheape: What  
 price I set upon my owne deserts, instructs *opinion*  
 how to prize me: That which base ignorance  
 miscalls thy *pride*, is but a conscious knowledge  
 of thy *merits*: dejected soules, craven'd with  
 their owne distrusts, are the worlds *Footballs* to  
 be kickt & spurnd, but brave and true heroick spi-  
 rits that know the *strength* of their owne worth,  
 shall baffle basenesse, and *presumption* into a re-  
 verentiall *silence*, and spite of envie flourish in an  
 honorable *repute*. Come then my soule, advance  
 thy

thy noble, thy sublimer *thoughts*, and prize thy self according to those *parts*, which all may wonder at, few imitate, but none can equall: Let not the insolent *affronts* of vassals interrupt thy *Peace*, nor seeme one *scruple* lesse then what thou art: Beethou thy selfe, *Respect* thy selfe, receive thou honour from *thy selfe*; Rejoyce thy selfe in *thy selfe*, and prize thy selfe for *thy selfe*; Like *Cesar* admit no *equall*, and like *Pompey*, acknowledge no *superior*. Be covetous of thine owne *Honour*, and hold anothers glory as thy *injury*. Renounce humilitie as an *Heresie* in reputation, and meeknesse as the worst disease of a true-bred noble Spirit; Disparage *worth* in all but in thy selfe, and make anothers infamy a *foyl* to magnifie thy glory. Let such as have no reason to bee *proud*, be *bumbled* of necessitie, and let them that have no parts to value, be *despondent*. But as for thee, thy *Cards* are good, and having skill enough to play thy hopefull *Game*, vie boldly, conquer and triumph.

**B**ut stay my soule, the *Trump* is yet unturn'd, boast not too soon, nor call it a faire day till night, the turning of a hand may make such *alterations*, in thy flatring fortunes, that all thy glorious expectations may chance to end in losse, and unsuspected *ruine*. That God which thrust that *Babylonian* Prince from his Imperiall *Throne*, to graze with beasts, hath said,

*The Lord will destroy the house of the proud,* Prov.  
15. 25. Prov.

**Prov. 11.**

*When pride commeth, then commeth shame, but with the lowly is wisdom.*

**Jer. 11. 15.**

*Hear ye, and give care, and be not proud, for the Lord hath spoken.*

**Esay 2. 12.**

*The day of the Lord of Hosts shall bee upon every one that is proud and loftie, and upon every one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low.*

**Prov. 16. 5.**

*Every one that is proud in heart is abomination to the Lord.*

**St. James.**

*God rejecteth the proud, and giveth grace to the simple.*

**Isidor. Hispal.**

*Pride made Satan fall from the highest heaven, therefore they that pride themselves in their virtues, imitate the Devill; and fall more dangerously, because they aspire and climbe to the highest pitch, from whence is the greatest fall.*

**Greg. Mor.**

*Pride growes stronger in the root whilst it braves it selfe with presumptuous advances, yet the higher it climbs the lower it falls: for he that beightens himselfe by his owne pride, is alwayes destroyed by the judgement of God.*

**How**

**H**Ow wert thou muffled O my soule ! How were thine eyes blinded with the *corruption* of thine owne heart ! When I beheld my selfe by my owne *light*, I seem'd a glorious thing; My *sunne* knew no *eclipse*, and all my imperfections were gilded over with *vaine-glory*: But now the *day-spring* from above hath shin'd upon my heart, and the diviner *light* hath driven away those foggy *mists*; I finde my selfe another thing: My Diamonds are all turn'd *Pebbles*, and my glory is turn'd to shame. O my deceived soule, how great a *darknesse* was thy light? The thing that seem'd so glorious, and sparkled in the night, by day appeares but *rotten wood*: and that bright *Glow-worme*, that in darkenesse outshined the *Chrysolite*, is by this new-found light no better then a crawling *worme*: How inseparable O my soule is *pride* and *folly*! which like *Hippocrates twinnes* still live and die together? It blinds the eye, befooles the judgement, knowes no superiours, hates equals, disdaines inferiours, the wise mans *scorne*, and the fooles *Idol*; Renounce it O my soule, lest thy God renounce thee; Hee that hath threatned to resist the *proud*, hath promised to give Grace to the *humble*, and what true *Repentance* speakes, free *mercy* heares and crownes.



## *His Prayer.*

O God the fountaine of all true Glory, and the giver of all free grace, whose Name is onely honorable, and whose workes are onely glorious, that shewest thy wayes to bee meeke, and takest compassion upon an humble spirit, that hatest the presence of a loftie eye, and destroyest the proud in the imaginations of their hearts, vouchsafe, O Lord, thy gracious care, and heare the sighing of a contrite heart: I know O God, the qualitie of my sinne can look for nothing but the extremitie of thy wrath: I know, the crookednesse of my condition can expect nothing but the Fornace of thy indignation; I know, the insolence of my corrupted nature can hope for nothing but the execution of thy judgements: Yet Lord, I know withall, thou art a gracious God, of evill repenting thee, and slow to wrath; I know thy nature and proper tie is to show compassion, apt to conceive, but readier to forgive: I know thou takest no pleasure in destruction of a sinner, but rather that hee should repent and live: In confidence, and full assurance whereof I am here prostrate on my bended knees, and with an humble heart: Nor doe I presse into thy holy presence, trusting in my owne merits, lest thou shouldest deale by me, as I have dealt by others, but being encouraged

rag'd by thy gracious invitation, and heavy  
 laden with the burthen of my sinnes, I cometh  
 thee O God, who art the refuge of a wounded  
 soule, and the Sanctuary of a broken spirit:  
 Forgive, O God, forgive me, what is past recal-  
 ling, and make mee circumspect for the time to  
 come: Open mine eyes that I may see how vaine  
 a thing I am, and how polluted from my very  
 birth: Give me an insight of my owne corrup-  
 tions, that I may truely know, and loath my  
 selfe. Take from me all vaine-glory, and selfe-  
 love, and make mee carelesse of the worlds ap-  
 plause: Endue mee with an humble heart, and  
 take this haughty spirit from me; Give me a true  
 discovery of my owne merits, that I may truely  
 feare and tremble at thy judgements. Let not the  
 worlds contempt deject me, nor the disrespects  
 of man dismay mee. Take from mee O God a  
 scornfull eye, and curbe my tongue that speaks  
 presumptuous things: Plant in my heart a bro-  
 therly love, and cherish in me a charitable affe-  
 ction; Possesse my soule with patience O God,  
 and establishe my heart in the feare of thy name,  
 that being humbled before thee in the meeknesse  
 of my spirit, I may bee exalted by thee through  
 the freenesse of thy Grace, and crowned with thee  
 in the kingdome of glory.

*Anonymous.*

*Pride is its own punishment for nothing makes  
 men more contemptible in y<sup>e</sup> eyes of others.*

*The*

*The covetous mans care.*

**B**EELEE mee, the *Times* are hard and dangerous: *Charitie* is growne cold, and *friends* uncomfortable; an emptie *Purse* is full of sorrow, and hollow *Bagges* make a heavy heart: *Povertie* is a civill *Pestilence*, which frights away both friends and kindred, and leaves us to a *Lord have mercy upon us*: It is a *sicknesse* very catching and infectious, and more commonly abhord then cured: The best Antidote against it is *Angelico*, and *Providence*, and the best Cordiall is *Aurum-potabile*. Gold-taking fasting is an approved *soveraigne*. Debts are ill *humors*, and turne at last to dangerous *obstructions*: Lending is a meere consumption of the *radicall* humour, and if consumed, brings a patient to *nothing*. Let others trust to *Courtiers promises*, to friends *performances*, to Princes *favours*; Give me a Toy call'd *Gold*, give me a thing call'd *Money*. Oblest *Mammon*, how extreamecly sweet is thy all-commanding *presence* to my thriving soule! In banishment thou art my deare *companion*; In captivtie, thou art my pretious *ransome*. In trouble and vexation thou art my daintie *rest*. In sicknesse, thou art my *health*; in griefe, my onely *joy*; in all extremitie, my onely *trust*: Vertue must vaile to thee; Nay *Grace* it selfe not relisht with thy sweetnesse would even displease the righteous palates of the *sonnes of men*, Come then my soule, advise,

vise, contrive, project: Goe, compasse Sea, and Land: leave no exploit untryed, no *path* untrod, no *time* unspent; afford thine eyes no sleepe, thy head no rest: Neglect thy ravenous *belly*, uncloathe thy *backe*; deceive, betray, sweare and forswear to compasse such a *friend*: If thou bee base in birth, 'twill make thee *honorable*; If weak in power, it will make thee *formidable*: Are thy friends few? 'Twill make them *numerous*. Is thy cause bad? 'Twill make thee *Advocates*. True, *wisedome* is an excellent helpe, in case it bend this way; and *learning* is a gentile Ornament, if not too chargeable: yet by your leave, they are but estates for *tearme of life*: But everlasting Gold, if well advantag'd, will not onely blesse thy *dayes*, but thy surviving *children* from generation to generation. Come, come, let others fill their braines with deare bought *wit*, turne their pence into expencefull *charitie*, and store their bosomes with unprofitable *pietie*; let them lose all to save their imaginary *consciencs*, and begger themselves at home to be thought *honest* abroad; Fill thou thy *baggs* and *barnes*, and lay up for many yeens and take thy rest.

**B**ut O my soule, what follows, wounds my heart and strikes me on my knees.

*Thou foole this night will I take thy soule from thee, Luk. 12.20.*

St. Math.

St. Matth. 6. 24.

*Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.*

Job 20. 15.

*He hath swallowed downe riches, and he shall vomit them up againe: God shall cast them out of his bel'y.*

Prov. 15. 17.

*He that is greedy of gaine troubles his owne house, but he that hateth gifts shall live.*

2 Pet. 2. 3.

*Through covetousnesse they shall with feigned words make merchandize of you, whose judgements now of a long time lingreth not, and whose damnation slumbreth not.*

---

*Nilus in Parænes.*

*Woe to the covetous, for his riches forsake him, and hell fire takes him.*

S. August.

*O thou covetous man, why dost thou treasure up such hidden mischiefe? why dost thou dote on the Image of the King stamped on coyne, and hatest the Image of God that shines in men?*

August.

*The riches which thou treasurest up are lost, those thou charitably bestowest is truly thine.*

What

**V**Vhat think'st thou now my soule? If the *judgment* of holy men may not informe thee, let the judgements of thy angry God enforce thee: Weigh thy owne carnall *affections* with the sacred *Oracles* of heaven, and light and darknesse are not more contrary. What thou approveſt, thy God condemnes; What thou deſireſt, thy God forbids: Now my soule, if *Mammon* be God, follow him, if God be God, adhere to him; *Thou canſt not ſerve God and Mammon.* If thy conſcience feeles the *hooke*, nibble no longer. Many finnes leave thee in the *way*, this followes thee to thy lives *end*; the *roote* of evill, the *canker* of all goodnesse: It *blinds* Juſtice, *poysons* Charity, *ſtrangles* Conſcience, *beſlaves* the *affections*, *betrayes* friendſhip, *breakes* all relations: It is a *roote* of the Devills owne planting: Pluck it up: Thinke not that a *pleaſure* which God hath threatned; nor that a *bleſſing* which heaven hath curſed: Devoure not that which thou or thy heyre muſt vomit up: Bee no longer poſſeſſed with ſuch a *Devill*, but caſt him out: and if hee bee too ſtrong, weaken him by *Faſting*, and exorcise him by *Prayer*.

## *His Prayer.*

**O** God that art the fulnesse of all riches and the Magazeen of all treasure, in the enjoyment of whose favour the smallest morsell is a rich inheritance and the coursest Pulse is a large portion; without whose blessing, the greatest plenty enriches not, and the highest diet nourishes not; how have I (an earthworm, and no man) fixt my whole heart upon this transitory world, and neglected thee the onely desiderable good! I blush O Lord to confesse the basenesse of my life, and am utterly asham'd of mine owne foolishnesse: I have placed my affections upon the nasty Rubbish of this world, and have slighted the inestimable Pearle of my salvation; I have wallow'd in the mire of my inordinate desires, and refused to bee waht in the streames of thy compassion; I have put my confidence into the faithfulnessse of my servant, and have doubted the providence of thee my gracious Father; I have served unrighteous Mammon with greedinesse, and have preferred drosse and dung before the Pearly gates of New Jerusalem; Thou hast promised to bee all in all to those that feare thee, and not to faile the soule that trusts in thee; but I refused thy gracious offer, and put my confidence in the vanity of the

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Creatures

Creature: But gracious God to whom Repen-  
 tance never comes unseasonable, that find<sup>st</sup> it an  
 ease when sinnes finde a tongue, regard the con-  
 trition of a bleeding heart, and withdraw not  
 thy mercy from a pensive soule. Give mee new  
 thoughts O God, and with thy holy Spirit new  
 mould my desires: Informe my will and sancti-  
 fie my affections, that they may relish thy sweet-  
 nesse with a full delight. Create in me O God  
 a spirituall sense, that I may take pleasure in  
 things that are above. Give mee a contented  
 thankfulnesse for what I have, that I may neither  
 in povertie forsake thee, nor in plentie forget  
 thee; Arme me with a continuall patience, that  
 I may cheerfully put my trust in thy providence.  
 Moderate my care for momentary things, that  
 I may use the world as if I used it not. Let not  
 the losse of any earthly good too much deject  
 mee, lest I should sinne with my lippes and  
 charge thee foolishly. Give mee a charitable  
 hand O God, and fill my heart with brother-  
 ly compassion, that I may chearefully exchange  
 the corruptible treasure of this world into the  
 incorruptible riches of the world to come,  
 and proving a faithfull steward in thy spirit-  
 uall household, I may give up my account with  
 joy, and bee made partaker of thy eternall joy  
 in the kingdome of thy glory.

*St Chrysost*  
 The vessel of <sup>o</sup> desires grow greater under  
<sup>o</sup> induerors to fill it

We brought nothing into <sup>o</sup> world and we shall  
 carry nothing out w<sup>th</sup> us.



## The Self-lovers Self-frand.

God hath required my *heart* and he shall have  
 it: God hath commanded truth in the *in-*  
*ward parts*, and hee shall be obeyed: My soule  
 shall praise the Lord, and all that is within me,  
 and I will serve him in the *strength* of my de-  
 sires. And in common *cases* the tongues professi-  
 on of his *name* is no lesse then necessary: But  
 when it lies upon a *life*, upon the saving of a  
*livelibood*, upon the flat undoing of a *reputation*,  
 the case is altered: My *life* is deare, my faire pos-  
 sessions pretious, and my *reputation* is the very  
 Apple of mine eye. To save so great a *stake*, mee  
 thinks *equivocation* is but veniall, if a *sinne*. If  
 the true loyaltie of mine heart stands sound to  
 my *Religion* and my *God*; my well-informed  
*Conscience* tels mee that in such *extremities* my  
 frighted tongue may take the priviledge of a *Salvo*  
 or a mentall *reservation*, if not in the expression  
 of a faire *compliances*. What? shall the reall  
 breach of a holy *Sabbath*, dedicated to Gods  
 highest glory bee tolerated for the welfare of an  
*Oxe*? May that breach bee set upon the score of  
*mercy*, and commended above *sacrifice* for the  
 savegard of an *Ass*? And may I not dispense  
 with a bare *lippe* deniall of my urg'd *Religion* for  
 the necessary preservation of the threatned *life*  
 of a man? for the saving of the whole *livelib-*  
*ood* and subsistence of a Christian? What? shall

I perish for the want of food, and die a *Martyr* to that foolish conscience which forbids mee to rub the eares of a little standing *Corne*? *Jacob* could purchase his sick fathers blessing with a downe-right *ye*, and may I not dissemble for a *life*? The young mans great *possessions* taught his timorous tongue to shrink from and decline his hearts *profession*, and who could blame him? Come, if thou freely give thy *house*, canst thou in conscience bee denied a *bedding-room* for thy protection? The Syrian *Captaine* (hee whose heart was fixt on his now firme resolv'd, and true devotion) reserv'd the house of *Rimmon* for his necessary attendance, and yet went in *peace*. *Peter* (upon the rock of whose confession, the *Church* was grounded) to save his *liberty*, with a false, nay with a perjur'd tongue; nay more, at such a time when as the *Lord of life* (in whose behalfe hee drew his Sword) was question'd for his innocent life, denied his *Master*; and shall I bee so great an unthrift of my blood, my life, to lose it for a meere lippe-deniall of that *Religion* which now is settled and needs no blood to seale it?

**B**UT stay! my *Conscience* checks me, there's a *judgement* thunders. Harke;

*He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in heaven,*  
*Matth. 10. 33.*

2 Tim. 3. 1, 2.

Know that in the latter dayes perillous times shall come:

For men shall be lovers of their owne selves.

Esay 45. 23.

I have sworne by my selfe. the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto mee every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall sweare.

Rom. 10. 10.

With the heart man beleeueth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made to salvation.

Luke 9. 26.

Whosoever shall kee ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Sonne of man bee ashamed, when bee shall come in Glory.

August.

The love of God and the world are two different things: if the love of this world dwell in thee, the love of God forsakes thee; renounce that, and receive this, it's fit the more nobler love should have the best place and acceptance.

Theoph.

It is not enough one'y to beleeve with the heart, for God will have us confesse with our mouth; every one that confesses that Christ is God, shall finde Christ professing to the Father that that man is a faithfull servant; but those that deny Christ shall receive (that fearefull doome Nescio vos) I know you not.

**M**Y soule, in such a time as this when the civill *Sword* is warme with slaughter, and the wasting *kingdome* welters in her *blood*, wouldst thou not give thy life to ransom her from *ruine*? Is not the God of *heaven* and *earth* worth many *kingdomes*? Is thy *welfare* more considerable then his *glory*? dar'st thou deny him for thy owne *ends*, that denied thee nothing for thy good? Is a poore clod of earth wee call *Inheritance*, prizable with his greatnesse? Or a puffe of breath wee call *life*, valuable with his *honour*, in comparison of whom the very *Angels* are impure? Blush O my soule at thy owne guilt: Hee that accounted his *blood*, his *life* not worth the keeping to ransom thee a wretch, lost by thy owne rebellion, deserves hee not the abatement of a *lust*, to keepe him from a new *cruelty*? My soule, if Religion *bind* thee not, if judgments *terrifie* thee not, if naturall affection *incline* thee not, yet let common reason perswade thee to love him above a *trifle*, that loved thee above his *life*: And thou that hast so often denied him, deny thy self for ever, and he will own thee; repent and hee'l pardon thee, pray to him and he will heare thee.

*Anon*

*Hee y<sup>e</sup> loves himself most hath of all men  
y<sup>e</sup> hapiness to have y<sup>e</sup> fewest rivalls.*

*His*

## His Prayer.

**O** God, whose glory is the end of my creation, and whose free mercy is the cause of my redemption, that gavest thy Sonne, thy onely Sonne to die for mee, who else had perished in the common deluge of thy wrath; What shall I render for so great a mercy? What thankfulness shall I returne for so infinite a love? Alas, the most that I can do is nothing, the best that I can present is worse then nothing, sinne: Lord, if I yeeld my body for a sacrifice, I offer nothing but a lumpe of filth, and loathsome putrefaction; or if I give my soule in contribution, I yeeld thee nothing but thy Image quite defaced and polluted with my lusts; or if I spend the strength of the whole man, and with both heart and tongue confesse and magnifie thy Name; how can the praises of my sinfull lips, that breath from such a sink, bee pleasing to thee? But Lord, since thou art pleased in thy well-pleasing Sonne to accept the povertie of my weake endeavours, send downe thy holy Spirit into my heart, cleanse it from the filth of my corruptions, and make it fit to praise thee: Lord open thou my mouth, and my lips shall shew forth thy praise. Put a new song into my mouth, and I will praise thee and confesse thee all day long; I will not hide thy goodnesse in my mouth, but will bee showing forth thy

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truth

truth, and thy salvation; Let thy prayſes be my honour, and let thy goodneſſe be the ſubject of my undaunted Song. Let neither reputation, wealth, nor life bee pretious to mee in compariſon with thee: Let not the worlds deriſion daunt mee, nor examples of infirmitie deject me Give mee courage and wiſedome to ſtand for thy honour; O make mee worthy, able and willing to ſuffer for thy Name. Lord teach me to deny my ſelfe, and to reſiſt the motions of my owne corruptions; create in mee O God a ſingle heart, that I may love the Lord Jeſus in ſinceritie; remember not O Lord the finnes of my feare, and pardon the hypocriſie of my ſelf-love. Waſh me from the ſtaines and guilt of this my hainous offence, and deliver mee from this fearefull judgement thou haſt threatned in thy Word: Convince all the Arguments of my unſanctified wit, whereby I have become an advocate to my ſinne. Grant that my life may adorne my profeſſion, and make my tongue an inſtrument of thy glory. Aſſiſt me O God that I may praiſe thy goodneſſe, and declare thy wonders among the children of men: Strengthen my faith that it may truſt Thee; and let my works ſo ſhine, that men may praiſe thee; That my heart beleeving unto righteouſneſſe, and my tongue confeſſing to ſalvation, I may be acknowledged by thee here, and glorified by thee in the kingdom of glory.

Sa:

*He y pleaſeth him ſelf pleaſeth a fool.*

The

## The worldly mans Verdour.

FOR ought I see the case is even the same with him that *prays*, and him that does *not* pray; with him that *swears* and him that *fears* an oath: I see no difference; if any; those that they call the *wicked* have the advantage. Their crops are even as *saires*, their flocks as *numerous* as theirs, that weare the ground with their religious *knees*, and fast their bodies to a *skelliton*; nay in the use of blessings (which onely makes them so) they farre exceed; they tearme mee *reprobate*, and stile mee *unregenerate*: 'Tis true, I *eat* my labours with a jolly heart; *drinke* frolick cups; sweeten my paines with time-beguiling *sports*, make the best *advantage* of my owne, *pray* when I thinke on't, *swear* when they urge mee, heare Sermons at my *leasure*; follow the *lusts* of my owne eyes, and take the pleasure of my own *wayes*; and yet, God bee thanked, my Barnes are *furnisht*, my sheepe *stand* sound, my Cattle *strong* for labour, my pastures *rich* and flourishing, my body *health* full, and my bagges are *full*, whilst they that are so *pure*, and make such *conscience* of their wayes, that *run* to Sermons, *figge* to Lectures, *pray* *thrice* a day by the hower, hold *fast* and *troth* prophane, and drinking *bealbs* a sinne, doe often finde *lean* harvests, *easie* flocks, and *emptie* purses: Let them bee godly that can live on *Ayre* and *Fast*; and eaten up by *Zeale*, can whine themselves into an *Hospital*, or blesse their  
lippes

lippes with charitable *scrapps*. If godlinesse have this *reward*, to have short meales for *long prayers*; weake estates, for *strong faiths*, and good consciences upon such bad *conditions*, let them boast of their *pennyworths*, and let mee bee wicked; still, and take my *chance* as falls. Let mee have *judgement* to discover a profitable *Farme*, and *wit* to take it at an easie *Rent*, and *Gold* to stock it in a liberall manner, and *skill* to manage it to my best advantage, and *luck* to finde a good encrease, and *providence* to husband wisely what I gaine, I seeke no further, and I wish no more. Husbandry and Religion are two severall *occupations*, and looke two severall wayes, and he is the only *wise* man can reconcile them.

**B**Ut stay, my soule, I feare thy reckoning failes thee; If thou hast judgement to *discover*; wit, to *bargaine*; Gold, to *employ*; skill, to *manage*; providence, to *dispose*; canst thou command the Clouds to *droppe*? or if a wet season meet thy *Harvest* and with open sluices overwhelme thy hopes; canst thou let downe the *floodgates*, and stop the watry *Flux*? Canst thou command the *Sunne* to shine? Canst thou forbid the *Mildewes*, or controll the breath of the malignant *East*? Is not this Gods sole *Prerogative*? And hath not that God said,

*When the workers of iniquitie doe flourish, it is thei that shall be destroyed for ever, Psal. 92. 12.*



Job 21. 7.

Wherefore doe the wicked live, become old, yea are mightie in power?

8. Their seed is establisht in their sight, and their offspring before their eyes.

9. Their houses are safe from feare, neither is the wrath of God upon them.

10. Their Bull gendereth, and saileth not, their Cow calveth, and casteth not her Calf.

11. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dounce.

12. They take the Timbrell, and the Harp and rejoyce at the sound of the Organ.

13. They spend their dayes in wealth, and in a moment they goe downe to the Grave.

Nil. in Parænes.

Woe bee to him that pursues emptie and fading pleasures: because in a short time hee fats, and pampers himselfe as a Calf to the slaughter.

Bernard.

There's no misery more true and reall, then false and counterfeit pleasure.

Hierom.

It's not onely difficult, but impossible, to have heaven here and hereafter: To live in sensuall lusts, and to attaine spirituall blisse; to passe from one paradise to another, to be a mirrour of felicitie in both worlds, to shine with glorious rayes both in this globe of earth, and the orbe of heaven.

How

**H**OW sweet a feast is, till the *reckoning* come!  
 A faire day ends often in a cold night, and  
 the road that's pleasant ends in *Hell*: If worldly  
 pleasures had the promise of *continuance*, prosper-  
 itie were some comfort; but in this necessary  
*vicissitude* of good and evill, the prolonging of  
 adversitie *sharpens* it: It is no common thing,  
 my soule, to enjoy *two* heavens: *Dives* found it  
 in the *present*, *Lazarus* in the *future*: Hath thy  
 encrease met with no *damage*? thy reputation,  
 with no *scandall*? thy pleasure, with no *crosse*?  
 thy prosperitie, with no *adversitie*? Presume not:  
 Gods checks are *symptomes* of his mercy: but his  
 silence is the *Harbinger* of a judgement. Bee cir-  
 cumspect, and provident my soule: Hast thou a  
 faire *Summer*? provide for a hard *Winter*: The  
 worlds *River* ebbes alone; it flowes not: Hee  
 that goes merrily with the *streame*, must  
 bale up: Flatter thy selfe therefore no longer in  
 thy *prosperous* sinne, O my deluded soule, but be  
 truly sensible of thy owne *presumption*: Look se-  
 riously into thy approaching danger, and hum-  
 ble thy selfe with true contrition: If thou pro-  
 cure *sevre Hearbs*, God will provide his *Passer-*  
*over*.

## *His Prayer.*

**H**OW weake is man O God, when thou forsakeſt him! How fooliſh are his Counſels, when hee plots without thee! How wilde his progreſſe, when hee wanders from thee! How miſerable till hee returne unto thee! How his wit failes! How his wiſedome falters! How his wealth melts! How his providence is beſoold! and how his ſoule beſlav'd! Thou ſtrik'ſt off the Chariot wheelles of his Inventions, and hee is perplext: Thou confoundeſt the *Babel* of his imaginations, and he is troubled: Thou croſſeſt his deſignes that hee may feare thee, and thou ſtop'ſt him in his wayes that he may know thee. How mercifull art thou O God, and in thy very judgements Lord how gracious! Thou might'ſt have ſtruck me into the loweſt pit as eaſily as on theſe bended knees, and yet been juſtified in my confuſion: But thou haſt threatned like a gentle father, as loath to puniſh thy ungracious childe. Thou knoweſt the crooked thoughts of man are vaine, ſtill turning point to their contrivers ruin; Thou ſaw'ſt me wandring in the maze of death, whiſt I with violence purſued my owne deſtruction: But thou haſt warn'd me by thy ſacred Word, and tooke me off that I might live to praiſe thee. Thou art my confidence O God, Thou art the rock, the rock of  
my

my salvation. Thy Word shall bee my guide, for all thy paths are Mercy and Truth: Lord when I looke upon my former worldlineſſe, I utterly abhorre my conuerſation: ſtrengthen mee with thy aſſiſtance, that I may leade a new life, make mee more and more ſenſible of my owne condition, and perfect thou the good workethou haſt begun in mee: In all my deſignes bee thou my Counſellour, that I may proſper in my undertakings. In all my actions bee thou my guide, that I may keepe the path of thy Commandements. Let all my owne deviſes come to nought, leſt I preſume upon the Arme of fleſh; let not my wealth encrease without thy bleſſing, leſt I bee fatted up againſt the day of ſlaughter; Have thou a hand in all my juſt employments, then proſper thou the worke of my hands, O proſper thou my handy-worke: That little I enjoy, confirme it to me, and make it mine, who have no intereſt in it till thou owne mee as thy Child: Then ſhall my ſoule rejoyce in thy favours, and magniſie thy name for all thy mercies: Then ſhall my lips proclaime thy loving kindneſſe, and ſing thy praises for ever and for ever.

Eccles: 11: 9

*Walke in y<sup>e</sup> mazes of thy heart and in y<sup>e</sup> ſight of thine eyes: but know thou y<sup>e</sup> for all theſe things god will bring y<sup>e</sup> to judgment.* **The**

## *The Lascivious mans Heaven.*

**C**AN flesh and blood bee so unnaturall to forget the Lawes of *Nature*? Can blowing youth immure it selfe within the *Icey* walls of *Vestall* Chastitie? Can *lusty* diet, and *mollicious* rest bring forth no other fruits, but *faint* desires, *rigid* thoughts, and *Pblegmatick* conceits? Should wee bee *stock* and *stones*, and (having active soules) turne altogether *passives*? Must wee turne *Ancherites* and spend our dayes in *Caves*, and *Hermitages*, and sinother up our pretious houres in *cloysterd* folly, and *recluse* devotion? Can *Rosie cheekes*, can *Ruby lippes*, can *snowy breasts* and *sparkling eyes*, present their *beauties* and *perfections* to the *sprightly* view of *young* mortalitie, and must wee stand like *Statues* without sense or motion? Can *strict Religion* impose such *cruell* Taskes, and even *impossible* commands upon the raging thoughts of her unhappy *voraries*, as to withstand and contradict the *instinct*, and very principles of *Nature*? Can faire-pretending pietie be so barbarous to condemn us to the *flames* of our affections, and make us *Martyrs* to our owne desires? Is't not enough to conquer the rebellious *Actions* of imperious flesh, but must wee manacle her hands, darken her eyes, nay worse, restraints the freedom of her very *thoughts*? Can full perfection bee expected here? Or can our worke be perfect in

in this vale of imperfection? This were a life for *Angels*, but a task too hard for fraile, for transitory *man*. Come, come, we are but men, but *flesh* and *blood*, and our borne frailties cannot grapple with such potent *tyranny*. What nature and necessitie requires us to do, is *veniall*, being done. Come, strive no more against so strong a *stream*, but take thy fill of *beautie*; solace thy wanton heart with *amorous* contemplations, cloathe all thy words with courtly *Rhetorick*, and soften thy lips with *dialects* of love; *surfeit* thy selfe with pleasure, and *melt* thy passion into warme delights; *Walke* into Natures universall *Bower*, and pick what *flower* does most surprize thine eye; drink of all *waters*, but be tied to none. Spare neither cost nor paines, to compasse thy *desires*. Enjoy *varieties*; Emparadise thy soule in *fresh* delights. The change of pleasure makes thy pleasure double. Ravish thy senses with perpetuall *choyce*, and glut thy soule with all the *delicates* of love.

**B**Ut hold! There is a voyce that whispers in my troubled eare, a voyce that blanks my thoughts, and stops the course of my *resolves*; A voyce that chills the bosome of my soule and fills me with amazement: Harke,

*They which doe such things shall not inherit the kingdome of God, Gal. 5. 21.*

*His Proofs.*

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Exod. 20. 14.

*Thou shalt not commit Adultery.*

Matth. 5. 28.

*Whoſoever lookes upon a woman to luſt after her hath committed Adultery with her already in his heart.*

Rom. 13. 13.

*Let us walke honeſtly as in the day, not in rioting, nor in drunkenneſſe, nor in chambering, nor in wantonneſſe.*

1 Pet. 2. 11.

*Abſtaine from fleſhly luſts, which warre againſt the ſoule.*

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*Nilus in Paræn.*

*Wee bee to the fornicator and adulterer, for his garment is defiled and spotted, and the heavenly Bridegroom caſts him out from his chaſt nuptialls.*

*A world of preſumptuous and baineſome offences doe ariſe and ſpring from the filthy fountaine of adulterous luſt, whereby the gate of heaven is ſhut, and poore man excluded from God.*

*S. Gregor. Mor.*

*Hence the fleſh lives in ſenſuall delights for a moment, but the immortal ſoule periſheth for ever.*

**L**ust is a *Brand* of originall fire, rak'd up in the *Embers* of flesh and blood; uncover'd by a naturall *inclination*, blowne by corrupt *communication*, quencht with *fasting* and *humiliation*. It is rak'd up in the *best*, uncovered in the *most*, and blowne in *thee* O my lustfull soule; O turne thine eare from the *pleadings* of Nature, and make a *Covenant* with thine eyes: Let not the language of *Delilah* inchant thee, lest the hands of the *Philistims* surprize thee: Review thy *past* pleasures, with the *charge* and *paines* thou hadst to compasse them, and show mee, where's thy *pennyworth*? Foresee what *punishments* are prepar'd to meet thee, and tell mee, what's thy *purchase*? Thou hast barterd away thy *God* for a *lust*; sold thy *eternitie* for a *trifle*; If this bargaine may not bee recall'd by *teares*, dissolve thee O my soule into a Spring of *waters*; if not to be revers'd with *price*, reduce thy whole estate into a *Sackcloth*, and an *Ashtub*. Thou whose Liver hath scorcht in the *flames* of lust, humble thy heart in the *Ashes* of repentance: And as with *Esaie* thou hast sold thy Birthright for *Broth*, so with *Jacob* wrestle by Prayer till thou get a blessing.

ANONIM

Consider well, how empty thy pleasure will be when it is past, and thou wilt of y<sup>e</sup> chief *His* strength of y<sup>e</sup> temptation.



## *His Prayer.*

O God, before whose face the Angels are impure; before whose cleare omniscience all Actions appeare, to whom the very secrets of the hearts are open; I here acknowledge to thy glory and my shame, the filthinesse and vile iniputitie of my Nature; Lord, I was filthy in my very conception, and in filthinesse my mothers wombe enclosed me, brought forth in filthinesse, and filthy in my very innocency, filthy in the motions of my flesh, and filthy in the apprehensions of my soule: my words all cloath'd with filthinesse, and in all my actions filthy and uncleane, in my inclination filthy, and in the wholecourse of my life nothing but a continued filthinesse. Wash mee O God, and make mee cleane, cleanse me from the filthinesse of my corruption; Purge me O Lord with Hyssop and create a cleane heart within mee: Correct the vagrant motions of my flesh, and quench the fiery darts of Satan; Let not the Law of my corrupted members rule mee; O let concupiscence have no dominion over mee: Give mee courage to fight against my lusts, and give my weakenesse strength to overcome; make sharpe my sword against this body of sinne, but most

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against

against my *Delilah*, my bosome sinne. Deliver mee from the tyranny of temptation, or give mee power to subdue it: Confine the libertie of my wanton appetite, and give mee temperance in a sober diet; Grant mee a heart to strive with thee in Prayer, and hopefull patience to attend thy leisure; Keepe mee from the habit of an idle life, and close mine eares against corrupt communication; Set thou a watch before my lippes, that all my words may savour of sobrietie: Preserve mee from the vanitie and pride of life, that I may walke blamelesse in my conversation; Protect mee from the fellowship of the uncleane, and from all such as are of evill report. Let thy Grace O God bee sufficient for mee, to protect my soule from the buffetings of Satan; Make mee industrious and diligent in my calling, lest the enemy get advantage over me: In all my temptations let mee have recourse to thee. Bee thou my refuge when I call upon thee; Forgive O God the sinnes of my youth, O pardon the multitudes of my secret sinnes: Encrease my hatred to my former life, and strengthen my resolution for the time future: Heare mee O God, and let the words of my mouth bee alwayes acceptable to thee, O God my strength and my Redeemer.

*S<sup>t</sup> Hierom.*

Pleasure leaves behind it a greater thirst than if it pretends to quench: and though it be taken in a full draught, yet doth not satisfie

*Prov 6: 27*

Can a man take fire into his bosom and his cloths not be burnt?

*Th*

## The Sabbath-breakers profanation.

**T**He glittering *Prince* that sits upon his regall,  
 and imperiall Throne, and the ignoble *Po-*  
*sant* that sleeps within his fordid house of  
 Thatch are both alike to God : An *Ivory* Temple  
 and a Church of *Clay* are priz'd alike by him :  
 The flesh of *Bulls*, and the perfumes of *Merrb*  
 and *Cassia* smoake his Altars with an equall plea-  
 sure : And does he make such difference of *dayes* ?  
 Is hee that was so weary of the *New-Moones*, so  
 taken with the *Sunne* to tie his *Sabbath* to that  
 onely day ? The *tenth* in tithes is any one in *tenne*,  
 and why the seventh day not any one in *seven* ?  
 We sanctifie the day, the day not us : But are we  
*Jewes* ? Are we still bound to keepe a *legall* Sab-  
 bath in the strictnesse of the Letter ? Have the  
 Gentiles no *priviledge*, by the vertue of *Messiahs*  
 comming, or has the *Evangelicall* Sabbath no  
 immunities ? The *service* done, the *day's* discharg'd,  
 my *libertie* restored ; And if I meet my *profits*,  
 or my *pleasures* then, I'll give them entertain-  
 ment. If *businesse* call mee to account, I dare  
 afford a carefull care. Or if my *sports* invite me,  
 I'll entertaine them with a cherefull heart :  
 I'll goe to *Mattens* with as much devotion as  
 my neighbour, I'll make as low *obeyfance*, and as  
 just *responds* as any ; but soone as *Evensong's* en-  
 ded, my Church-devotion and my *Psalter* shall  
 sanctifie

sanctifie my *Pae* till the next Sabbath call;  
 Were it no more for an old *custome* sake, then  
 for the *good* I find in Sabbaths, that *Ceremony*  
 might as well bee spared. It is a day of Rest:  
 And what's a Rest? A relaxation from the  
 toyle of *labour*: And what is *labour* but a paine-  
 full exercise of the fraile body? But where the  
*exercise* admits no toyle, there *Relaxation* makes  
 no Rest: What labour is it for the *worldly* man  
 to compasse Sea and Land to accomplish his de-  
 sires? What labour is it for the impatient lo-  
 ver to measure Hellespont with his widened  
 armes to hasten his *delight*? What labour for  
 the youth to number musick with their sprightly  
*paces*? Where pleasure's reconcil'd to labour, la-  
 bour is but an *active* rest; Why should the Sab-  
 bath then, a *day of rest*, divorce thee from those  
 delights that make thy Rest? Afflict their soules  
 that please, my rest shall bee what most con-  
 duces to my hearts *delight*. Two howers will vent  
 more *prayers* then I shall need, the rest remains  
 for *pleasure*.

CONscience, why start'st thou? A judgement  
 strikes mee from the mouth of heaven, and  
 saith,

*Whosoever doth any worke on my Sabbath, his  
 soule shall be cut off, Exod. 31. 14.*

Exod. 20.

Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day, six dayes shalt thou labour, and doe all that thou hast to doe, but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 14.

Ye shall keepe my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you.

Exod. 31. 13.

Verily my Sabbathsthou shalt keep, for this is a signe betwixt mee and you, throughout your Generations.

Luke 23. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices, and oynments, and rested on the Sabbath day according to the Commandement.

Gregor.

Wee ought upon the Lords day to rest from bodily labour, and wholly to addict our selves to prayers, that what soever hath been done amisse, the weeke before, may upon the day of our Lords resurrection be expiated and purged by fervent prayers.

Cyr. Alex.

Sinne is the storehouse of death and misery, it kindles flames for it's dearest friends. Therefore whosoever when he should rest from sinne, busieth himselfe in the dead and fruitlesse workes of wickednesse, and renouncing all piety, lusts after such things as will bring him into eternall destruction, and everlasting flames, justly deserves to die & perish with the damned; because when he might have enjoyed a pious rest, he laboured to run headlong to his own destruction.

**M**Y soul, how hast thou profaned that day thy God hath sanctified! How hast thou *encroach'd* on that which heaven hath *set apart*! If thy impatience cannot *ast* a Sabbath *twelve houres*, what happinesse canst thou expect in a *perpetuall* Sabbath? Is six dayes *too little* for thy selfe, and two houres *too much* for thy God? O my soule, how dost thou prize *temporalls* beyond *eternalls*? Is it equall that God, who gave thee a body, and *six dayes* to provide for it, should demand *one day* of thee, and bee denied it? How *liberall* a receiver art thou, and how miserable a *Requiter*! But know my soule, his Sabbaths are the *Apple* of his eye: Hee that hath power to vindicate the *breach* of it, hath threatned judgements to the *breaker* of it. The God of mercy that hath mitigated the *rigor* of it for charity sake, will not diminish the *honour* of it for profanenesse sake: forget not then my soule: to remember his *Sabbaths*, and remember not to forget his judgements, lest hee forget to remember thee in *Mercy*: What thou hast neglected, bewaile with *contrition*, and what thou hast repented, forsake with *resolution*, and what thou hast resolved strengthen with *devotion*.

*Anonim*

*The true sabbath is to rest from sin.*

*His*

## *His Prayer.*

**O** Eternal!, just, and all-discerning Judge; in thy selfe, glorious; in thy Sonne, gracious; who tryest without a witnesse, and condemnest without a Jury; O! I confesse my very actions have betray'd me, thy word hath brought in evidence against mee, my owne conscience hath witnessed against me, and thy judgement hath past sentence against mee: And what have I now to pleade but mine owne misery, and whither should that misery flee but to the God of mercy? And since O Lord the way to mercy is to leave my selfe, I here disclaime all interest in my self, and utterly renounce my selfe: I that was created for thy glory, have dishonored thy Name; I that was made for thy service, have profaned thy Sabbaths; I have sleighted thy Ordinances, & turned my back upon thy Sanctuary; I have neglected thy Sacraments, abused thy Word, despis'd thy Ministers and despis'd their ministry; I have come into thy Courts with an unprovided heart, and have drawne neare with uncircumcised lippes; And Lord I know thou art a jealous God, and most severe against all such as violate thy Rest; The glory of thy Name is pretious to thee, and thine honour is as the Apple of thine eye; But thou O God that art  
the

the God of Hosts, hast published and declared thy self the Lord of mercy ; The constitution of thy Sabbath was a worke of time, but Lord thy mercy is from all eternitie ; I that have broke thy Sabbaths, doe here present thee with a broken heart ; thy hand is not shortned that thou canst not heale, nor thy eare deafned that thou canst not heare ; Stretch forth thy hand O God and heale my wounds. Bow downe thine eare O Lord, and heare my Prayers ; Alter the fabrick of my sinfull heart, and make it tender of thy glory ; Make mee ambitious of thy service, and let thy Sabbaths bee my whole delight ; Give mee a holy reverence of thy Word, that it may prove a light to my steppes and a Lanthorne to my feet. Endue my heart with Charity and Faith that I may finde a comfort in thy Sacraments. Blesse thou the Ministers of thy sacred Word, and make them holy in their lives, sound in their doctrine and laborious in their callings. Preserve the universall Church in these distracted times ; give her peace, unitie, and uniformity, purge her of all Schisme, error and superstition ; Let the Kings daughter be all glorious within, and let thine eyes take pleasure in her beautie, that being honor'd here to bee a member of her Militant, I may be glorified with her triumphant.

*Nonim*

*He y<sup>t</sup> thinks it too much to keep a short sabbath here shall never be thost worthy to celebrate y<sup>e</sup> eternall sabbath here after.* *The*



## *The censorious mans Crimination.*

**I** Know there is much of the seed of the Serpent in him by his very looks, if his words betray'd him not; He hath eaten the Egge of the Cockatrice, and surely hee remaineth in the state of *perdition*; He is not within the *Covenant*, and abideth in the Gall of *bitternesse*; His studied Prayers show him to bee a high *Malignant*, and his *Jeshu-worship* concludes him *popishly* affected; Hee comes not to our private meetings, nor contributes a penny to the *cause*: Hee cries up *learning*, and the booke of *Common-Prayer*, and takes no armes to hasten *Reformation*; Hee feares God for his owne *ends*, for the spirit of *Antichrist* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries*, and goes a whoring after his owne *inventions*: Hee can heare an oath from his superiors without *reproof*, and the heathenish Gods named without spitting in his *face*: Wherefore my soule detesteth him, and I will have no *conversation* with him; for what fellowship hath light with *darknesse*, or the *pure* in heart with the uncleane? Sometimes hee is a *Publican*, sometimes a *Pharisee*, and alwayes an *Hypocrite*; Hee railes against the *Altar* as loud as we, and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Jesus*; hee is quick-sighted to the infirmities of the Saints, and in his heart rejoyceth at our *failings*; hee honours not a preaching

preaching *ministry*, and too much leanes to a *Church-government*; hee paints *devotion* on his face, whilst *pride* is stamp't within his heart; hee places sanctitie in the walls of a *Steeple-house*, and adores the *Sacrament* with his popish knee; His Religion is a *Weathercock*, and turnes brest to every *blast* of wind. With the pure hee seemes *pure*, and with the wicked hee will joyne in *fellowship*; A *sober* language is in his mouth, but the *poysen* of *Aspes* is under his tongue: His workes conduce not to *edification*, nor are the motions of his heart *sanctified*; Hee adores great ones for *preferment*, and speakes too partially of *authority*: Hee is a *Landicean* in his *faith*, a *Nicolaitane* in his *workes*, a *Pharisee* in his *disguise*, a rank *Papist* in his *heart*, and I thanke my God I am not as this man.

**B**Ut stay my soule, take heed whilst thou judgest another, lest God judge thee; how com'st thou so expert in *another's* heart, being so often deceived in thy *owne*? A *Saul* to day may prove a *Paul* to morrow; Take heed whilst thou wouldst seeme religious thou appeare not *uncharitable*; and whilst thou judgest man, thou be not judg'd of God, who saith

*Judge not, lest yee bee judged, Matth. 7. 1.*

John 7. 24.

Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgement.

Rom. 14. 10.

but why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at naught thy brother? Wee shall all stand before the judgement seate of Christ.

1 Cor. 4. 5.

Judge nothing before the time, untill the Lord, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darknesse, and will make manifest the counsell of the heart.

Rom. 14. 13.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block, or an accusation to fall in his brothers way.

Psal. 50. 6.

God is Iudge himselfe.

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St. August.

Apparent and notorious iniquities ought both to bee re-  
proved and condemned, but wee should never judge  
such things as we understand not, nor can certainly  
know whether they be done with a good or evill intent.

S. August.

When thou knowest not apparently, judge charitably;  
because it's better to thinke well of the wicked, then  
by frequent censuring to suspect an innocent man  
guilty of an offence.

S. Aug.

The unrighteous Iudge shall bee justly condemned.

Has

**H**As thy brother, O my soule, a *beame* in his eye? And halt thou no *mate* in thine? Cleare thine own, and thou wilt see the better to cleanse his: If a *Thiefe* bee in his Candle, blow it not out, lest thou wrong the *flame*, but if thy *snuffers* bee of Gold, snuffe it: Has hee offended thee? *Forgive* him: Hath hee trespass'd against the Congregation? *Reprove* him: Hath hee sinned against God? *Pray* for him. O my soule, how uncharitable hast thou been? How Pharisaeically hast thou judg'd? Being sick of the *Iaudies*, how hast thou censur'd another *yellow*? And with *blotted* fingers made his *blurre* the greater? How has the *pride* of thy owne heart *blinded* thee toward thy selfe? How *quick-sighted* to another! Thy brother has slipt, but thou hast fallen, and hast blancht thy owne *impiety* with the publishing his *sinne*: Like a *Flie*, thou stingest his sores, and feed'st on his corruptions; Jesus came eating and drinking, and was judg'd a *glutton*; Iohn came fasting, and was challeng'd with a *devill*; Judge not my soule, lest thou bee judged; maligne not thy brother, lest God laugh at thy destruction: Wouldst thou escape the punishment? *judge thy selfe*: Wouldst thou avoyd the sinne? *bumble thy selfe*.

## *His Prayer.*

**O** God that art the onely searcher of the Reines, to whom the secrets of the heart of man are onely known, to whom alone the judgement of our thoughts, our words and deeds belong, and to whose sentence wee must stand or fall, I a presumptuous sinner that have thrust in to thy place and boldly have presumed to execute thy office, doe here as humbly confesse the insolence of mine attempt, and with a sorrowfull heart repent me of my doings; and though my convinced conscience can look for nothing from thy wrathfull hand but the same measure which I measured to another, yet in the confidence of that mercy which thou hast promised to all those that truely and unfeignedly beleeve, I am become an humble suitor for thy gracious pardon: Lord, if thou search mee but with a favourable eye, I shall appeare much more unrighteous in thy sight, then this my uncharitably condemned brother did in mine; O looke not therefore, Lord, upon mee as I am, lest thou abhor me; but through the merits of my blessed Saviour cast a gracious eye upon mee; Let his humilitie satisfie for my presumption, and let his meritorious sufferings answer for my vile uncharitablenesse; let not the voyce of my offence provoke thee with a stronger cry, then the language

guage of his Intercession. Remove from mee O God all spirituall pride, and make me little in my owne conceite; Lord light mee to my selfe, that by thy light I may discerne how dark I am; Lighten that darkenesse by thy holy Spirit, that I may search into my owne corruptions: And since O God all gifts and graces are but nothing, and nothing can bee acceptable in thy sight without charity; quicken the dulnesse of my faint affections, that I may love my brother as I ought: Soften my marble heart that it may melt at his infirmities; Make me carefull in the examination of my owne wayes, and most severe against my owne offences: Pull out the beame out of mine owne eye, that I may see clearly, and reprove wisely. Take from mee O Lord all grudging, envy, and malice, that my seasonable reproofes may winne my brother. Preserve my heart from all censorious thoughts, and keepe my tongue from striking at his name: Grant that I make right use of his Infirmities, and reade good Lessons in his failings, that loving him in thee, and thee in him according to thy command, wee may both bee united in thee as members of thee, that thou mayst receive honour from our communion here, and wee eternall glory from thee hereafter in the world to come.

*Tho: de Kempis*

There are two lessons <sup>th</sup> god euery day  
gives his elect. One to see their own fautes,  
y<sup>e</sup> other y<sup>e</sup> goodnesse of god. The

## The Liars Fallacies.

**N**AY if Religion bee so strict a Law to bind my tongue to the *necessitie* of a truth on all occasions, at all times, and in all places, the gate is too strait for me to enter: Or if the generall rules of downeright truth will admit no few exceptions, farewell all honest mirth, farewell all wading, farewell the whole converse betwixt man and man: If alwayes to speake punctuall truth bee the true *Symptomes* of a blessed soule, *Tom Tell truth* has a happy time, and fooles & children are the onely men. If truth sit Regent, in what faithfull breitt shall *secrets* finde repose? What *kingdome* can be safe? What *Commonwealth* can be secure? What *warre* can be succesfull? What *State* can prosper? if bloody times should force Religion to shroud it selfe beneath my roose; upon demand, shall my false truth betray it? Or shall my brothers life, or shall my owne be seisd upon through the cruell truth of my downeright confession? or rather not be secured by a faire officious life? shall the righteous *Favorite* of Egypts Tyrant, by vertue of a loud lie, sweeten out his joy and heighten up his soft affection with the *Amperistass* of teares, and may I not prevaricate with a sullen truth to save a brothers life, from a bloodthirsty hand? shall *Iacob* and his too indulgent mother conspire in a lie to purchase a paternall blessing in the false name, and habit of a supplanted brother, and shall I question to preserve the granted blessing of a life, or

H livelibood,

*livelihood*, with a harmelesse lie? Come, come, my soule, let not thy timorous *conscience* check at such poore things as these: So long as thy officious tongue aymes at a iust end, a lie is no offence: So long as thy perjurious lippes confirme not thy untruth with an *audacious* brow, thou needst not feare: The weight of the *cause* releaves the burthen of the *Crime*: Is thy *Conter* good? No matter how crooked the lines of the *circumference* bee: *Policy* allowes it: If thy journies end be heaven, it matters not how full of Hell thy journey be; *Divinitie* allowes it: Wi't thou condemne the Egyptian *Midwives* for saving the infant Israelites by so mercifull a lie? When *Martiall execution* is to bee done, wilt thou feare to kill? When hunger drives thee to the gates of death, wilt thou bee affraid to *steale*? When civil warres divide a kingdome, will *Mercurius* decline a lie? No, circumstances *excuse*, as well as *make* the lie; Had *Cesar*, *Scinio*, or *Alexander* been regulated by such strict *Divinitie*, their names had been as silent as their *dust*: A lie is but a faire *put-off*, the *sanctuary* of a secret, the riddle of a lover, the *stratagem* of a Souldier, the *policy* of a Statesman, and a *salve* for many desperate sores.

**B**Ut, hark, my soule, there's something rounds mine eare, and calls my language to a *recreation*; The Lord hath spoken it,

*Lies shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, Revel. 21.8.*



Exod. 20.

*Thou shalt not raise a false report.*

Levit. 19. 11.

*Thou shalt not deale falsly, neither lie one to another.*

Prov. 12. 22.

*Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deale truly are his delight.*

Prov. 19. 5.

*He that speaketh lies shall not escape.*

Ephes. 4. 25.

*Put away lying, and every one speake truth with his neighbour, for we are members one of another.*

Revel.

*There shall in no wise enter into the new Ierusalem any thing that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.*

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St. August.

*Whosoever thinkes, there's any kind of lie that is not a sinne, shamefully deceives himselfe, mistaking a lying or censuring knave for a square or honest man.*

Gregor.

*Avoid and avoid all falsehood, though sometime certaine kind of untruths are lesse sinfull, as to tell a lie to save a mans life; yet because the Scripture saith, The lyer slayeth his owne soule, and God will destroy them that tell a lie; therefore, religious and honest men shoud alwayes avoyd even the best sort of lies, neither ought another mans life be secured by our falsehood or lying, lest we destroy our own soule, in labouring to secure another mans life.*

**VV** Hat a *child* O my soule hath thy false  
 bosome harbord ! And what re-  
 ward can thy indulgence expect from such a  
*faiber* ? What blessing canst thou hope from hea-  
 ven, that pleadest for the *sonne* of the devill, and  
 crucifyest the *sonne* of God ? God is the Father  
 of truth ; To secure thy estate thou denyest the  
*truth* by framing of a *lie* : To save thy brothers  
*life* thou opposelst the *truth* in justifying a *lie* :  
 Now tell me O my soul, art thou worthy the  
 name of a *Christian*, that denyest and opposelst  
 the *nature* of Christ ? Art thou worthy of Christ  
 that preferrest thy estate, or thy brothers life be-  
 fore him ? O my unrighteous soul, canst thou hold  
 thy brother worthy of death for giving thee the  
*lie*, and thy selfe guiltlesse that makelst a *lie* ? I,  
 but in some cases truth destroyes thy life ; a *lie*  
 preserves it : My soule, was God thy *Creator* ? then  
 make not the devill thy *preserver* : Wilt thou de-  
 spaire to trust him with thy life that gave it, and  
 make him thy *Protector* that seeks to destroy it ?  
 Reforme thee and repent thee ; O my soule ; hold  
 not thy life on such conditions, but trust thee to  
 the hands that made thee.

St Hieron

Let not thy tongue know how to lie or swear,  
 and let there be in y<sup>e</sup> so great a love of truth,  
 thou account what ever thou sayest or sealest  
 with an oath.

## His Prayer.

**O** God, that art the God of truth, whose word is truth, that hatest lying lips, and abominatest the deceitfull tongue, that banishest thy presence all such as love or make a lie, and lovest truth, and requirest uprightnesse in the inward parts, I the most wretched of the sonnes of men, and most unworthy to bee called thy sonne, make bold to cast my sinfull eyes to heaven; Lord I have sinned against heaven and against truth, and have turned thy grace into a lie; I have renounced the wayes of righteousnesse, and have harbour'd much iniquitie within me, which hath turned thy wrath against me; I have transgrest against the checks of my owne conscience, and have vaunted of my transgression: which way soever I turne mine eye, I see no object but thame and confusion: Lord, when I look upon my self, I find nothing there, but fuell for thy wrath, and matter for thine indignation, and my condemnation. And when I cast mine eyes to heaven, I there behold an angry God, and a severe revenger; But Lord at thy right hand I see a Saviour, and a sweet redeemer; I see thy wounded sonne cloathd in my flesh, and bearing mine infirmities, and interceding for my numerous transgressions; for which my soule doth magnifie thee O God, and my spirit rejoyceth in him my Saviour; Lord, when

thou lookest upon the vast score of my offences,  
 turne thine eyes upon the infinite merits of his  
 satisfaction; O when thy justice calls to minde  
 my finnes, let not thy mercy forget his sufferings;  
 Wash mee, O wash mee in his blood, and thou  
 shalt see me cloathed in his righteousness: Let  
 him that is all in all to mee, be all in all for me;  
 make him to me sanctification justification & re-  
 demption: Inspire my heart with the spirit of thy  
 truth, and preserve me from the deceitfulness of  
 double tongue: Give mee an inward confidence  
 to relie upon thy fatherly providence, that nei-  
 ther feare may deterre mee, nor any advantage  
 may turne me from the wayes of thy truth: Let  
 not the specious goodnesse of the end encourage  
 mee to the unlawfulnessse of the meanes, but let  
 thy Word bee the warrant to all my actions;  
 Guide my footsteps that I may walke uprightly,  
 and quicken my conscience, that it may re-  
 prove my faylings: Cause me to feele the burthen  
 of this my habituall sinne, that comming to thee  
 by a true and serious repentance, my finnes may  
 obtaine a full and a gracious forgivenessse: Give  
 me a heart to make a Covenant with my lips,  
 that both my heart and and tongue being sancti-  
 fied by thy Spirit, may bee both united in truth  
 by thy mercy, and magnific thy name for ever, and  
 for ever.

S r

*He y<sup>e</sup> is afraid to tell y<sup>e</sup> truth denieth  
 him self to be a man*

*The*

## The Revengefull mans rage.

**O** What a *Julip* to my scorching soule is the  
 delicious blood of my *Offender*! and how  
 it cooles the burning *Fever* of my boyling veynes!  
 It is the *Quintessence* of pleasures, the height of  
 satisfaction, and the very *marrow* of all delight,  
 to bath and paddle in the *blood* of such, whose  
 bold affronts have turn'd my wounded pati-  
 ence into *jury*? How full of sweetnesse was his  
 death, who dying was reveng'd upon *three thou-*  
*sand* enemies? How sweetly did the younger bro-  
 thers blood allay the soule-consuming flames of  
 the elder, who tooke more pleasure in his last  
*breath* then heaven did in his first *Sacrifice*? Yet  
 had not heaven condemned his action, nature  
 had found an Advocate for his *passion*: What  
 sturdy spirit hath the power to rule his suffering  
 thoughts, or curbe the headstrong fury of his  
*Irascible* affections? Or who but fooles (that can-  
 not taste an injury) can moderate their high-  
 bred spirits, and stop their passion in her full  
*carreire*? Let heavy Cynicks, they whose leaden  
 soules are taught by stupid reason to stand *bent*  
 at every wrong, that can digest an *injury* more  
 easily then a complement, that can protest a-  
 gainst the Lawes of *nature*, and cry all naturall  
*affection* downe, let them be *Andirons* for the in-  
 jurious world to worke a *Heate* upon: let them  
 lend shoulders to receive the painefull *stripes* of  
 peevish Mortalls, and to beare the *wrongs* of  
 daring

daring insolence : Let them bee drawne like Calves prepar'd for slaughter, and bow their servile necks to sharpe *destruction* : let them submit their slavish *bosomes* to be trod and trampled under foot for every pleasure: My Eagle *spirits* flies a higher pitch, and like ambitious *Phaeton* climbs into the fiery *Chariot*, and drawne with fury, scorne, revenge, and honor, rambles through all the *Sphaeres*, and brings with it confusion and combustion ; my reeking sword shall vindicate my *reputation*, and rectifie the injuries of my honorable *name*, and quench it self in plenteous *streames* of blood. Come tell not mee of Charitie, conscience, or transgression ; My *Charitie* reflects upon my self, begins at home, and guided by the *justice* of my *passion*, is bound to labour for an honorable *satisfaction* : My conscience is blood-prooffe, and I can broach a life with my illustrious weapon with as little *reluctation*, as kill a Flea that sucks my blood without *Commission*, and I can drinke a *health* in blood upon my bended knee, to reputation.

**B**Ut hark my soule, I heare a languishing, a dying *voyce* cry up to heaven for vengeance ; It cries aloud, and thunders in my startling eare, I tremble and my shivering bones are fill'd with horror ; It cries against me, and heare what 'neaven replies,

*All that take up the sword shall perish by the sword, Matth. 26. 52.*

Levit.

Levit. 19. 18.

*Thou shalt not avenge, or beare any grudge, against the Children of my people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thy selfe: I am the Lord.*

Deut. 32. 35.

*To me belongeth vengeance and recompence.*

Ezek. 25. 12, 13.

*Because that Edom hath delt against the house of Judah, by taking vengeance, and hath greatly offended, and reveng'd himselfe upon them:*

*Therefore thus saith the Lord God, I will also stretch out mine hand upon Edom, and will cut off man and beast from it.*

Matth. 5. 39.

*Resist not evill, but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turne to him the other also.*

Tertull.

*What's the difference between one that doth an injury, and another that out-rageously suffers it, except that the one is first and the other second in the offence? but both are guilty of mutuall injury in the sight of God; who forbids every sinne and condemnes the offender.*

Tertull.

*How can wee honour God if wee revenge our selves?*

Gloss.

*Every man is a murderer, and shall bee punished as Cain was if hee doe, (as Cain did) either assaults his brother with violence, or pursue him with hatred.*

Revenge

**R**Evence is an Act of the *Iraſcible* affections, deliberated with *malice*, and executed without *mercy*: How often O my ſoule haſt thou curſed thy ſelfe in the perfectest of *Prayers*? How often haſt thou turn'd the ſpiritual *b dy* of thy Saviour into thy *damnation*? Can the *Sunne* riſe to thy comfort, that hath ſo often ſet in thy *wrath*? So long as thy wrath is kindled againſt thy brother, ſo long is the *wrath* of God burning againſt thee? O, wouldſt thou offer a pleaſing *ſacrifice* to heaven? Goe firſt and be *reconciled* to thy brother. I, but who ſhall right thy *honor* then? Is thy honour wrong'd? *Forgive*, and it is vindicated. I, but this kind of heart-ſwellings, can brooke no *Powltreſſe* but revenge. Take heed, my ſoule, the *remedy* is worſe then the diſeaſe: If thy intricate *diſtemper* transcend thy power, make choyce of a *Phyſician* that can purge that *humor* that fomentes thy *malady*: Rely upon him; ſubmit thy *will* to his directions; hee hath a tender heart, a ſkilfull hand, a watchfull eye, that makes thy *welfare* the price of all thy *pains*, expecting no reward, no fee, but *prayſes*, and Thank-giving.

*S<sup>t</sup> Bernard*

Be humble in aſking of pardon and eaſy  
in giving it and thou wilt be at peace w<sup>th</sup>  
all y<sup>e</sup> world.

*H*



*His Prayer.*

**O** God, that art the God of peace, and the lover of unitie and concord, that dost command all those that seeke forgivenesse, to forgive; that hatest the froward heart, but shewest mercy to the mecke in spirit: With what a face can I appeare before thy mercy-seate, or with what countenance can I lift up these hands thus stained with my brothers blood? How can my lippes, that daily breath revenge against my brother, presume to owne thee as my father, or expect from thee thy blessing, as thy child? If thou forgive my trespasses O God, as I forgive my trespassers, in what a miserable estate am I, that in my very prayers condemne my selfe, and doe not onely limit thy compassion by my uncharitablenesse, but draw thy judgements on my head for my rebellion? That heart O God which thou requirest as a holy present, is become a spring of malice; These hands which I advance, are ready instruments of base revenge. My thoughts, that should be sanctified, are full of blood, and how to compasse evill against my brother is my continuall meditation: The course of all my life is wilfull disobedience, and my whole pleasure, Lord, is to displease thee: My conscience hath accused me, and the voyce of blood hath cryed against mee: But Lord, the blood

blood of Jesus cries louder then the blood of  
*Abell*, and thy mercy is farre more infinite then  
 my sinne. The blood that was shed by me cries  
 for vengeance, but the blood that was shed for  
 me sues for mercy; Lord heare the language of  
 this blood, and by the merits of this voyce be re-  
 conciled unto mee. That time which cannot be  
 recalled, O give mee power to redeeme, and in  
 the meane time a settled resolution to reforme.  
 Suppress the violence of my headstrong passion,  
 and establish a meeke spirit within mee. Let the  
 sight of my owne vilenesse take from me the sense  
 of all disgrace, and let the Crowne of my repu-  
 tation be thy honour; Possesse my heart with a  
 desire of unitie and concord, and give mee pati-  
 ence to endure what my impenitence hath deser-  
 ved: Breath into my soule the spirit of love, and  
 direct my affections to their right object; turne  
 all my anger against that sinne that hath pro-  
 voked thee, and give me holy revenge, that I  
 may exercise it against my selfe. Grant that I  
 may love thee for thy selic, my self in thee, and  
 my neighbour as my selfe; Assist me O God, that  
 I may subdue all evill in my selfe, and suffer pa-  
 tiently all evill as a punishment from thee. Give  
 me a mercifull heart, O God; make it slow to  
 wrath, and ready to forgive; Preserve me from  
 the act of evill, that I may be delivered from the  
 feare of evill; that living here in charity with  
 men, I may receive that sentence of, *Come ye blessed,*  
 in the kingdom of glory.

The

## *The secure mans Triumph.*

SO, now my soule thy happinesse is *entaild*,  
 and thy illustrious name shall live in thy *suc-*  
*cending* Generations ; Thy dwelling is establish'd  
 in the *fat* of all the land: thou hast what mortall  
 heart can wish, and wantest nothing but *immor-*  
*talitie* : The *best* of all the land is thine, and thou  
 art planted in the best of *Lands* : A land whose  
*Constitutions* make the best of Government, which  
*Government* is strengthned with the best of laws,  
 which *Laws* are executed by the best of Princes,  
 whose *Prince*, whose *Laws*, whose *Government*,  
 whose *land* makes us the happiest of all subjects,  
 makes us the happiest of all people. A land of  
 strength, of plenty, and a land of peace, where  
 every soule may sit beneath his *Vine*, unfrighted  
 at the horrid language of the hoarse *Trumpet*, un-  
 startled at the warlike summons of the roaring  
*Cannon*. A land whose *beautie* hath surpriz'd the  
 ambitious hearts of forraigne Princes, and  
 taught them by their martiall *Oratory* to make  
 their vaine attempts. A land whose strength  
 reads vanitie in the deceived hopes of *Conque-*  
*ments*, and crownes their enterprizes with a  
 shamefull overthrow. A land whose native plen-  
 tie makes her the worlds *Exchange*, supplying  
 others, able to subsist without *supply* from for-  
 raigne kingdomes; in it selfe happy ; and abroad,  
 honorable. A land that hath no *vanitie*, but  
 what

what by accident proceeds and issues from the sweetest of all blessings, *peace*, and *plentie*; that hath no misery but what is propagated from that blindness which cannot see her owne *felicities*. A land that flowes with *Milke* and *Hony*, and in briefe wants nothing to deserve the title of a *Paradise*. The *Curbe* of *Spaine*, the *pride* of *Germany*, the *syde* of *Belgia*, the *scourge* of *France*, the *Empereffe* of the world, and *Queene* of Nations: She is begirt with *walls*, whose builder was the hand of *heaven*, whereon there daily rides a *Navy-Royall*, whose unconquerable power proclaimes her Prince *invincible*, and whispers sad despaire into the fainting hearts of *forraigne* Majesty: She is compact within her self, in unitie, not apt to *civill* discords or *intestine* broyles; The *envie* of all nations; the *ambition* of all Princes; the *terror* of all enemies, the *security* of all neighboring States. Let *timorous Pulpits* threaten ruine, let *prophecyng Church-men* dote, till I beleeve: How often, and how long have these loud sonnes of *Thunder* false prophesied her desolation? and yet she stands the *glory* of the world: Can *Pride* demolish the *Towers* that defend her? Can *drunkennes* dry up the *Sea* that walls her? Can *fiames* of lust dissolve the *Ordinance* that protect her?

**B**Ee well advis'd my soule; there is a voice from heaven roares louder then those *Ordinance*, which saith,

*Thus saith the Lord, The whole land shall be desolate,*  
*Jer. 4. 27.*

*His Proof.*

III

*Esay 14. 7.*

*The whole earth is at rest, and at quiet, they breake forth into singing.*

*Tea the Firre trees rejoyce at thee, and the Cedars of Lebanon sing, &c.*

*It shall thou be brought downe to hell, to the sides of the Pit.*

*Jer. 5. 12.*

*They have b.lied the Lord, and said, It is not hee, neither shall evill come upon us, neither shall wee see sword, or famine.*

*1 Cor. 10. 12.*

*Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.*

*Luke 17. 26.*

*They did eate and drink, and they married wives and were given in marriage, untill the flood came and destroyd them all.*

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*Gregor. Mor.*

*A man may as some build a Castle upon the rowling waves, as ground a solid comfort upon the uncertaine ebbs and fluxes of transient pleasures.*

*S. Augult.*

*Whilst Lot was exercised in suffering reproach and violence, he continued holy and pure, even in the flib of Sodom: but in the mount being in peace and safetie, he was surpris'd by sensuall securitie, and defiled himselfe with his owne daughters.*

*A prosperous and happy state is often the occasion of more miserable ruine, a long peace hath made many men both careless and cowardly; and that's the most fatall blow when an unexpected enemy surpriseth us in a deep sleep of peace and security. Greg. Mag.*

*Security*

SECURITIE is an improvident *carelesnesse*, casting  
 Sout all feare of approaching danger; It is  
 like a great *Calme* at Sea, that foreruns a *storme*;  
 How is this verified O my sad soule in this our  
*bleeding* nation! VVer't thou not but now for  
 many yeares even nuzzl'd in the bosome of habi-  
 tuall *peace*? Didst thou foresee this *danger*? Or  
 couldst thou have contrived a way to bee thus  
*miserable*? Didst thou not laugh *invasion* to  
 scorne? or didst thou not lesse feare a *Civill warre*?  
 Was not the *Title* of the *Crowne* unquestionable?  
 And was not our mixt *government* unapt to fall  
 into diseases? Did wee want good *Lawes*? or  
 did our *Lawes* want *execution*? Did not our Pro-  
 phets give lawfull warning? or were wee moved  
 at the sound of Judgments? How hast thou  
 liv'd O my uncarefull soule to see these proph-  
 esies fulfill'd, and to behold the *visits* of thy an-  
 gry God pour'd forth! Since *mercies* O my soule  
 could not allure thee, yet let these *judgements*  
 now at length enforce thee to a true *Repentance*.  
 Quench the *Firebrand* which thou hast kindled;  
 turne thy mirth to a right *mourning*, and thy feasts  
 of joy to *humiliation*.

*Cassian*

There is no better expedient for security  
 then to commit all *interest* to god, who  
 knowes how to give good things to them  
 that aske him

## His Prayer.

**O** God by whom Kings raigne, and kingdoms flourish, that setteſt up where none can batter downe, and pulleſt downe where none can countermand, I a moſt humble Suor at the Throne of Grace acknowledge my ſelfe unworthy of the leaſt of all thy mercies, nay worthy of the greateſt of all thy judgements: I have ſinned againſt thee the Author of my being, I have ſinned againſt my conſcience, which thou haſt made my accuſer, I have ſinned againſt the peace of this Kingdome, whereof thou haſt made me a member: If all ſhould doe O God as I have done, *Sodom* would appeare as righteous, and *Gomorrab* would be a preident to thy wratti upon this ſinfull nation. But Lord thy mercy is inſcrutable, or elſe my miſery were unſpeakable, for that mercy ſake be gracious to mee in the free pardoning of all my offences. Blot them out of thy remembrance for his ſake in whom thou art well pleaſed: Make my head a fountaine of teares to quench that brand my ſinnes have kindled towards the deſtruction of this flourishing kingdome: Bleſſe this kingdome. O God; Eſta- bliſh it in pietie, honour, peace, and plenty. For- give all her crying ſinnes, and remove thy judge- ments farre from her. Bleſſe her governour, thy ſervant, our dread Sov. raigne: Endue his ſoule with all religious, civill and princely vertues,

Preserve his royall person in health, safetie and prosperitie, prolong his dayes in honour, peace or victory, and crowne his death with everlasting glory. Blessè him in his royall Consort; unite their hearts in love and true Religion. Blessè him in his Princely issue; Season their youth with the feare of thy Name. Direct thy Church in doctrine and in discipline, and let her enemies bee converted, or confounded; Purge her of all superstition and heresie, and root out from her, whatsoever thy hand hath not planted: Blessè the Nobilitie of this land, endue their hearts with truth, loyaltie, and true policy. Blessè the Tribe of *Levi*, with pietie, learning, and humilitie. Blessè the Magistrates of this kingdome; give them religious and upright hearts, hating covetousnesse. Blessè the Gentry with sinceritie, charitie, and a good conscience. Blessè the Commonaltie with loyall hearts, painefull hands, and plentifull encrease. Blessè the two great Seminaries of this Kingdome, make them fruitfull and faithfull nurseries both to the Church and Common-wealth. Blessè all thy Saints every where, especially those that have stood in the gappe betwixt this kingdome, and thy judgements, that being all members of that Body, whereof thou Christ art head, we may all joyne in humiliation for our sinnes, and in the propagation of thy honor here, and be made partakers of thy glory in the kingdome of glory.

*The*



## The Presumptuous mans Felicities.

**T**ELL bauling Babes of *Bugbeares*, to fright them into quietnesse, or terrifie youth with old wives *fables*, to keep their wild affections in awe; Such *Toyes* may work upon their timorous apprehensions, when wholesome *precepts* faile, and find no audiance in their youthfull eares: Tell not mee of Hell, Devills, or of damned foules to enforce me from those pleasures which they nickname *sinne*: What teil ye mee of *Law*? My soule is sensible of *Evangelicall* precepts without the needlesse, and uncorrected thunder of the killing *Letter*, or the terrible periphrase of roaring *Boanarges*, the teadioufnesse of whose language still determines in *damnation*; wherein I apprehend God farre more mercifull then his *Ministers*. Tis true, I have not led my life according to the Pharisaicall *squire* of their opinions, neither have I found judgements according to their *prophecies*, whereby I must conclude that God is wonderfully mercifull, or they wonderfully mistaken. How often have they thundered torment against my *voluptuous life*: And yet I feele no paine: How bitterly have they threatened shame against the vaunts of my *vaine-glory*? Yet find I honor. How fiercely have they preach'd destruction, against my *cruelty*? and yet I live. VVhat Plagues against my *swearing*? yet not infected: What diseases against my drunkennesse?

*lenesse*? and yet sound; What danger against  
*procrastination*? yet how often hath God been  
 found upon the deathbed? What damnation to  
*Hypocrites*? yet who more safe? What stripes to  
 the *ignorant*? yet who more scotfree? What po-  
 vertie to the *slothfull*? yet themselves prosper:  
 What falls to the *prond*? yet stand they surest.  
 What curses to the *Covetous*? yet who richer?  
 What judgements to the *lascivious*? yet who  
 more pleasure? What vengeance to the *prophane*,  
 the *ensorious*, the *revengefull*? yet none live more  
 unscourg'd: Who deeper branded then the *Lye*?  
 yet who more favor'd? Who more threatn'd then  
 the *presumptuous*? yet who lesse punished? Thus  
 are wee foold and kept in awe with the strict fan-  
 cies of those *Pulpit-men*, whose opinions have no  
 ground but what they gaine from popularitie:  
 Thus are wee frighted from the libertie of *Nature*  
 by the politick *Chimeras* of Religion; whereby  
 we are necessitated to the observing of those *Laws*,  
 whereof we find a greater necessitie of breaking.

**B**ut itay, my soule, there is a voyce that darts  
 into my troubled thoughts, which saith,

*Because thou hast not kept my Lawes, all the curses in  
 this booke shall overtake thee, till thou be destroyed,*  
 Deut. 29.

Deut. 29. 27.

And the anger of the Lord was kind'ed against the land, to bring upon it all the Curses that are written in this book.

2 Chron. 34. 24.

Thus saith the Lord, Behold I will bring evil upon this place, and upon the inhabitants thereof, even all the curses that are written in the books.

Deut. 28. 15.

But if thou wilt not hearken unto the voyce of the Lord thy God to observe and doe all his Commandements, and his statutes which I command thee this day, all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee.

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Bernard.

It is certaine thou must die, and uncertaine when, how or where; seeing death is alwayes at thy heels; Thou must (if thou be wise) alwayes be ready to die.

Bernard.

To commit a sinne is an humane frailtie, to persist in it is a devillish obstinacy.

Bernard.

There are some who hope in the Lord, but yet in vaine, because they onely smoothe and flatter themselves, that God is mercifull, but repent not of their sinne; such confidence is vaine and foolish, and leads to destruction.

**P**Resumption is a sinne, whereby wee depend upon Gods *mercies* without any warrant from Gods *Word*: It is as great a sinne, O my soule, to hope for Gods mercy, without *Repentance*, as to distrust Gods mercy upon *Repentance*; In the first thou wrongst his *Justice*; In the last, his *mercy*: O my presumptuous soule, let not thy *prosperitie* in sinning encourage thee to sinne; lest, climbing without *Warrant* into his mercy, thou fall without *mercy* into his judgement: Be not deceived; a long *Peace* makes a bloody *Warre*, and the abuse of continued *mercies* makes a sharpe judgement: Patience, when slighted, turnes to *fury*, but ill-requited, starts to *vengeance*: Thinke not, that thy unpunisht sinne is *hidden* from the eye of heaven, or that Gods judgements will *delay* for ever: The stalled Oxe that wallowes in his *plenty*, and waxes wanton with *ease*, is not farre from *slaughter*: The *Ephod* O my desperate soule, is long a filling, but once being full, the leaden cover must goe on; and then, it hurries on the wings of the wind: Advise thee then, and whilst the *Lampe* of thy prosperity lasts, provide thee for the *evill day*, which being come repentance will bee out of date, and all thy prayers will finde no care.

Tertull:

A christian has no morrow if he should put off ~~his~~ no dutie until <sup>it</sup> morrow.

His

## His Prayer.

**G**RATIOUS God, whose mercy is unsearchable and whose goodnesse is unspeakable, I the unthankfull object of thy continued favours, and therefore the miserable subject of thy continual wrath, humbly present my self-made misery before thy sacred Majestie; Lord when I look upon the horridnesse of my sin, shame strikes me dumb: But when I turne mine eie upon the infinitnesse of thy mercy, I am emboldned to poure forth my soule before thee; as in the one, finding matter for confusion; so in the other, Arguments for compassion: Lord I have sinned grievously, but my Saviour hath satisfied abundantly; I have trespassed continually, but he hath suffered once for all: Thou hast numbred my transgressions by the haire of my head, but his mercies are innumerable like the starres of the skie: My finnes in greatnesse are like the mountaines of the earth, but his mercy is greater then the heavens: Oh if his mercy were not greater then my finnes, my finnes were impardonable; for his therefore and by his mercies sake cover my finnes, and pardon my transgressions; make my head a fountain of tears, and accept my contrition O thou Wellspring of all mercie: strengthen my resolution, that for the time to come I may detest all sinne: Increase a holy anger in me that I may revenge my

my selfe upon my selfe for displeasing so gracious  
 a Father; Fill my heart with a feare of thy judg-  
 ments, and sweeten my thoughts with the medi-  
 tation of thy mercies: Goe forwards O my God,  
 and perfect thy own work in me, and take the  
 glory of thy owne free goodnesse, furnish my  
 mouth with the prayes of thy name, and reple-  
 nish my tongue with continuall thanksgiving;  
 Thou hast promised pardon to those that repent;  
 behold I repent; Lord quicken my Repentance.  
 Thou mightst have made me a terrible example  
 of thy justice, and struck mee into hell in the  
 height of my presumption; but thou hast made  
 me capable of thy mercies, and an object of thy  
 commiseration, for thou art a gracious God,  
 of long-suffering and slow to anger, thy name  
 is wonderfull, and thy mercies incomprehensible:  
 Thou art onely worthy to bee praised: Let all  
 the people praise thee O God: O let all the peo-  
 ple praise thee; Let Angels and Archangels  
 praise thee, Let the Congregations of Saints  
 praise thee, Let thy works praise thee, Let every  
 thing that breath's praise thee for ever, and for  
 ever, Amen.

Psal: 50: 21

These things hast thou done & kept silence  
 thou thoughtest if I was altogether such a one as  
 thy self: but I will reprove & set them  
 in order before thine eyes.

FINIS.

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